

The Sketch



No. 264.—VOL. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



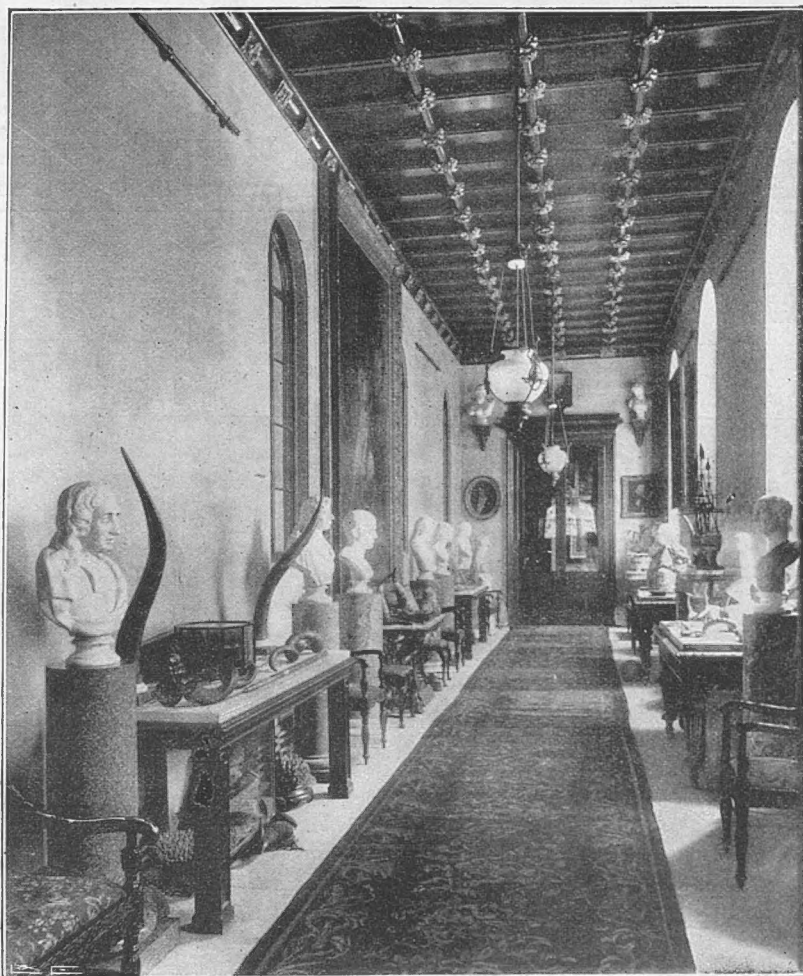
LADY PEEL, THE WIFE OF THE GREAT PREMIER.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

This is the portrait which the present Sir Robert Peel has been restrained from selling, but which he has taken away to Paris.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE TREASURES OF HIS HOUSE.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

The present bearer of the honoured name of Sir Robert Peel, who is at present in the public eye owing to his desire to dispose of the historic pictures at Drayton Manor, is a grandson of the great Premier. Sir Robert is the son of the late Sir Robert, and in direct descent from the first baronet, whose dates are 1750-1830. The family, which is traced to a dubious Danish origin, seems to have resided early in the seventeenth century at Craven, in Yorkshire, from which it migrated about that period to Blackburn, where in 1764 Robert Peel, father of the first baronet, having mortgaged his family estates, set up a great calico-printing factory. This was the beginning of that industry in Lancashire. In 1744 this Robert Peel married Elizabeth Haworth, by whom he had seven sons, of whom Robert, the first baronet, was the third. He followed his father's business with enterprise and success, interested himself in politics, and entered Parliament as Member for Tamworth in 1790. In 1800 a baronetcy was conferred upon him. He married, in 1783, Ellen Yates, daughter of one of his partners, by whom he had eleven children. The eldest son, Robert, born in 1788, early showed promise of the distinction which was ultimately to be his. He married in 1820. His son Robert, the late baronet, was born in 1822. In the following year was born the present Sir Frederick Peel, and in 1829 Arthur Wellesley, the well-known late Speaker of the



THE ENTRANCE-HALL TO DRAYTON MANOR.

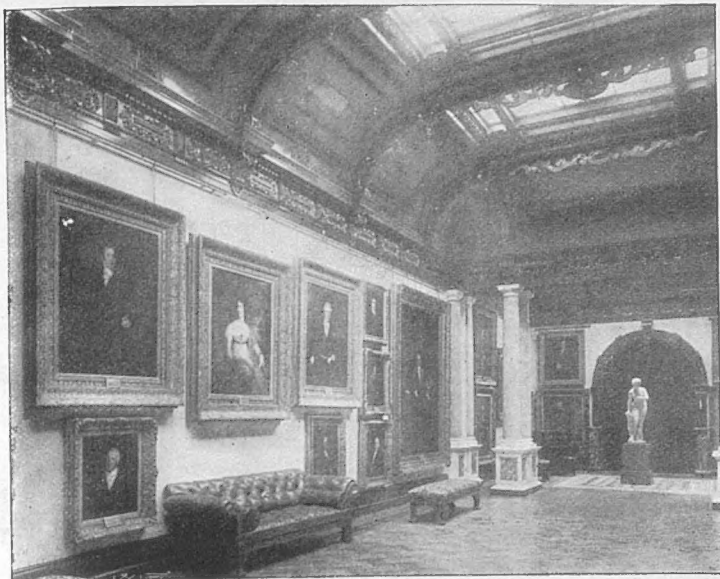
House of Commons, now Viscount Peel. Sir Robert, the third baronet, married in 1856 Emily, daughter of the eighth Marquess of Tweeddale. The present baronet, whose exploits as an author are not unknown, is their son, and was born in 1867. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol, and is a lieutenant in the Staffordshire Yeomanry. He married in 1897 Mercedes, daughter of Baron de Graffenried, of Thun, in Switzerland. The pecuniary question, from which even good men cannot escape, is at present pressing hard on Sir Robert, hence the action in regard to the pictures at Drayton Manor. Sir Robert has been, not to put too fine a point upon it, "sold up," and now he wishes to sell his pictures. From this he has been temporarily restrained by an injunction. The paintings in question include Lawrence's masterpiece, the portrait of Lady Peel, wife of the Premier, and many other works by the same artist. In the Statesmen's Gallery are nine portraits of present-century Prime Ministers of England. There are, besides, portraits of famous contemporaries of the great Sir Robert, including Lord Liverpool, Lord Eldon, Huskisson, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert himself, and the Duke of Wellington. The action to restrain is at the instance of the baronet's brother-in-law (a German financier), who has had the management of the property since the late Sir Robert's death. The present baronet has gone to Paris.



SIR ROBERT PEEL'S HOUSE, DRAYTON MANOR, FROM THE GARDENS.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S TREASURES.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



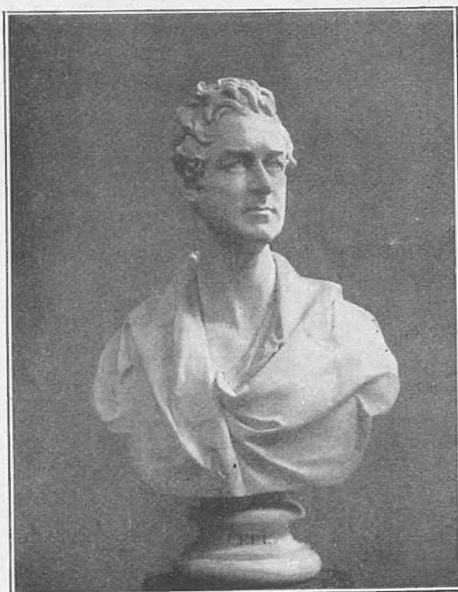
THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY.



THE OLD PICTURE GALLERY.



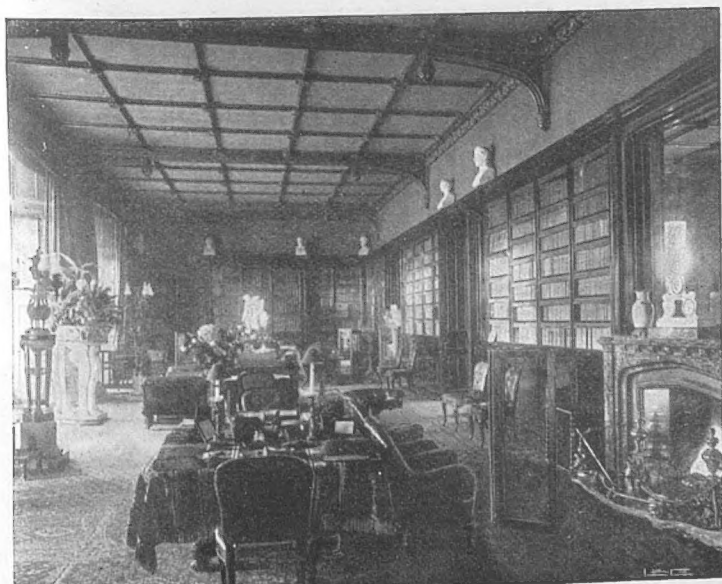
MR. GLADSTONE'S FATHER.
Painted by Lawrence.



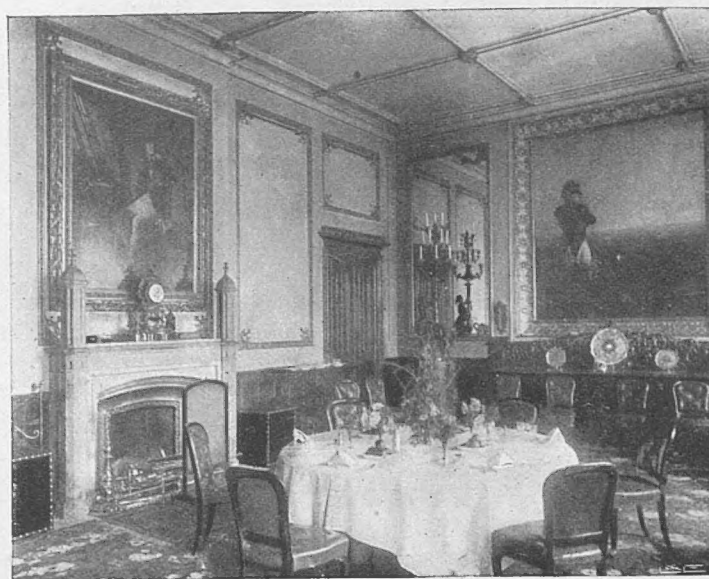
BUST OF THE GREAT PEEL.



LADY PEEL.
Painted by Lawrence.

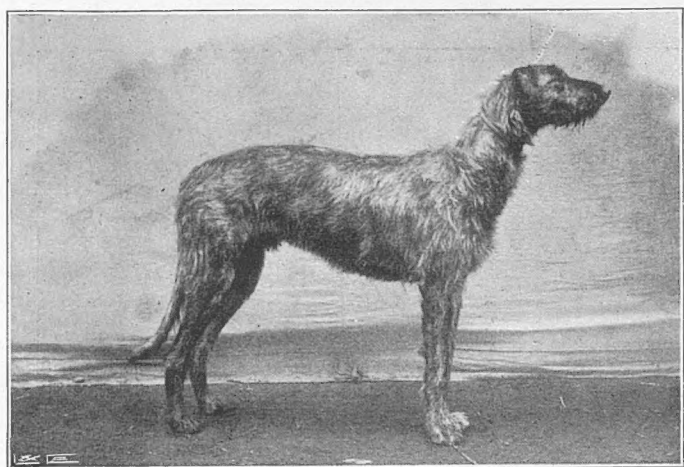


THE LIBRARY.



THE DINING-ROOM.

SOME OF THE BEST DOGS AT CRUFT'S SHOW.

Photographs by Bowden, East Dulwich.

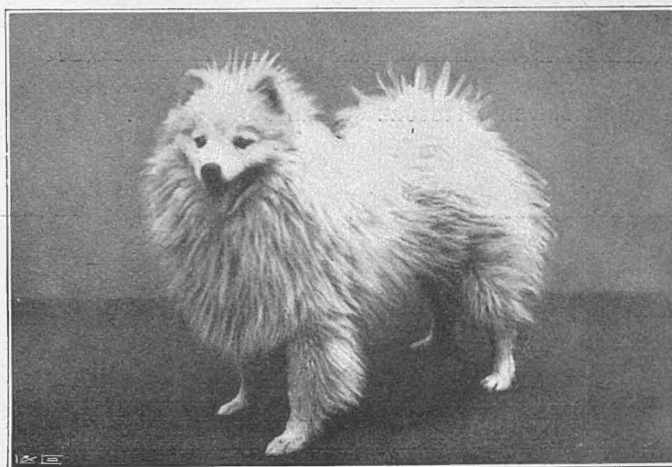
MR. R. J. CALCUTT'S DEERHOUND "SEXTON."



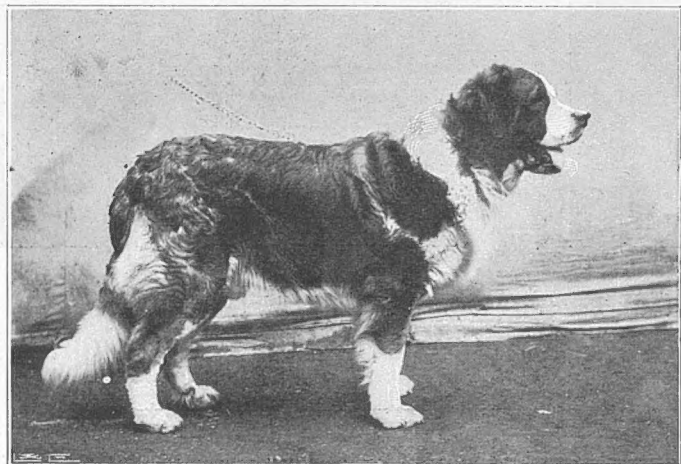
MR. S. PENDRY'S GREAT DANE "MAMMOTH QUEEN."



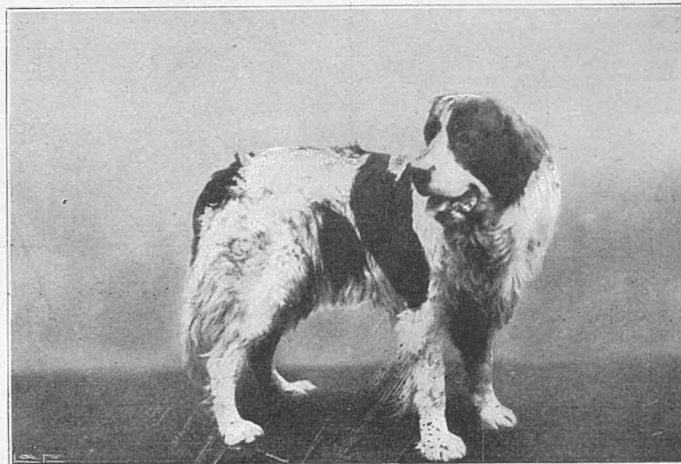
SIR H. DE TRAFFORD'S IRISH SETTER "BARTON JUDY."



MR. W. T. RILEY'S WHITE POMERANIAN "PARK SWELL."



MR. J. ROYLE'S ST. BERNARD "HAPSTEAD PRIMUS."



MR. H. DICKMAN'S NEWFOUNDLAND "MERRY BOY."



ESQUIMAUX DOG "ARCTIC KING."



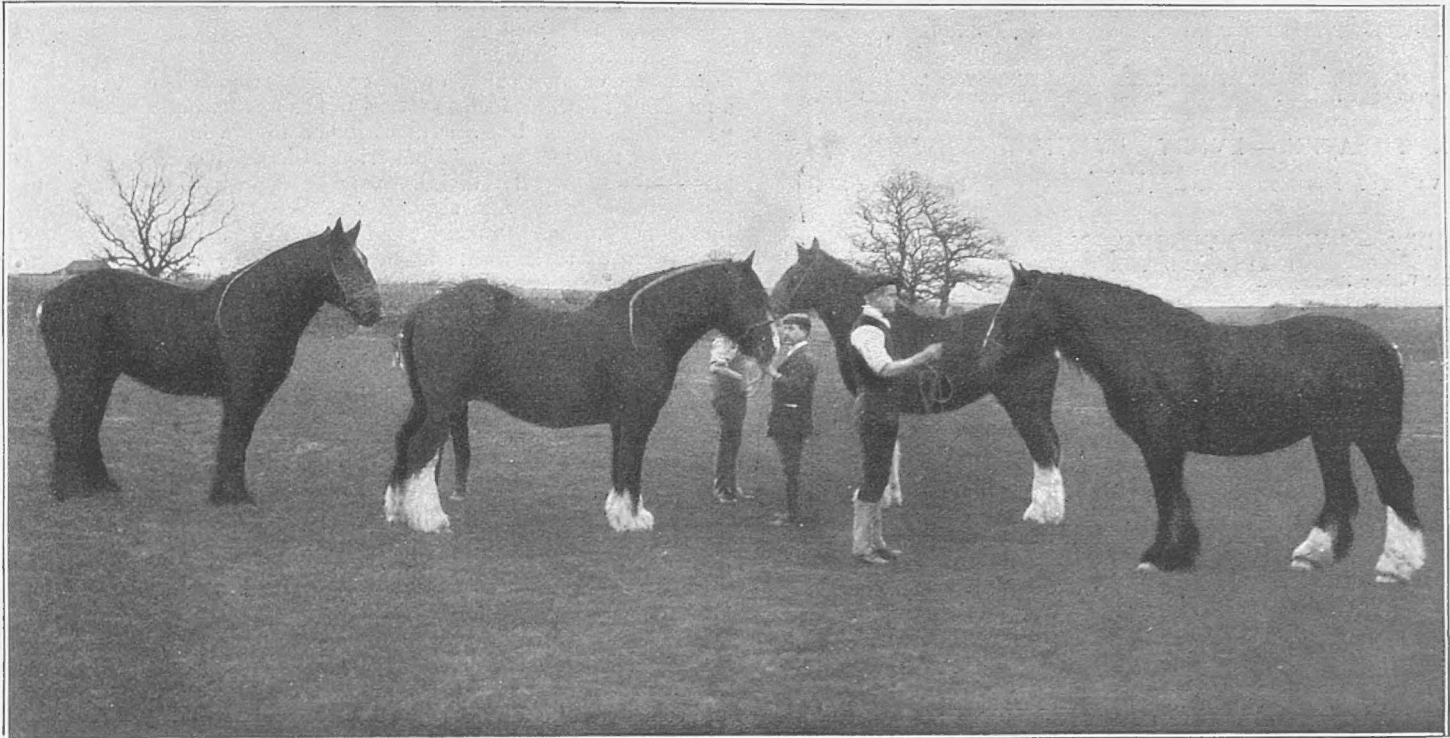
LADY CATHCART'S ELKHOUND "JAEGER."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A HORSE-FANCIER.

The farm is the only form of trade which monarchs and princes of the blood may cultivate without a sneer. If you consult the "*Live Stock Journal Almanack*," you will find that the Prince of Wales boldly advertises his wares beneath the waving feathers of the Principality. On Thursday the products of a year's work at his farm at Wolferton

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

The "Calendar, History, and General Summary of Regulations of the Department of Science and Art" for 1898 has just been issued, in the form of a Blue Book, and contains much exceedingly interesting information. To show the usefulness and widespread influence of the Department, it may be noted that in 1896 there were 220 Schools of



Editha.

Hindlip Lady.

Fancy Queen.

Sea Breeze.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SHIRE HORSES.

were offered for sale, when fifty-four Shire horses were trotted out for the benefit of his future subjects. A thousand people crowded the ring, and before they left they gave his Royal Highness 11,540 guineas for the lot, an average of £224 odd, which is the highest figure yet obtained at any sale of Shire horses. Sir Blundell Maple headed the list with 1150 guineas for Sea Breeze, a three-year-old filly, for which he struggled with Mr. Hooley. The latter carried off the brood-mare Eleanor for 360 guineas. Lord Ellesmere invested in another mare, Royal Lass, for 270 guineas. Lord Rothschild trotted off with a two-year-old stallion, Anchorite, for 600 guineas. Lord Wantage paid 230 guineas for the two-year-old filly Vesper, and Sir Walter Gilbey gave as much as 500 guineas for another, Fancy Queen. Altogether, it was a record sale.

Art, with 55 branch classes, and a total of 56,175 students, the fees paid by the latter amounting to £35,770, and the payments on results to £45,610. There were no less than 1540 Art Classes, with 90,018 students, and the payments on the results of Art examinations in Art Classes and Science Classes together amount to £27,613. Moreover, there were 20,161 Elementary Day Schools, at which the enormous total of 2,250,070 children and 18,209 pupil-teachers were taught drawing, the payments on results of their examination amounting to £176,224. There were 873 Evening Continuation Schools, at which 40,459 scholars were taught drawing, the payments by results amounting to £2105; and 62 Training Colleges, with 4759 students, the grants amounting to £2431. The total number receiving instruction was 2,445,785.



THE STABLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8,
JULIUS CÆSAR.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY), Feb. 16, at 2,
TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), Feb. 17, and EVERY EVENING at 8,
Shakspeare's Comedy of
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office now open 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

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GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
Exceptional Variety Programme. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

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Seventy Ho ses Performing in One Ring.
Four Hundred Horses, Two Drovers of Camels, Hosts of Queer Animals.
One-Thousand-and-One Marvellous Sights and Wonderful Objects.
A glorious Amusement Institution.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.
Early Entrance Fee 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large show and the general magnitude of the Exhibitions, necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak and Horse Fair Departments can only be open from 12 to 4.15 p.m. and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.

No Promenade tickets sold. Every ticket entitling holder to a reserved numbered seat, and admitting to all advertised departments without extra charge.

Prices—Amphitheatre, 1s. and 2s.; Arena Seats, 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Balcony Seats, 3s.; Stalls, 5s., 7s. 6d.; Private Boxes (5 and 6 seats), £3 3s.; Single Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; special prices for Royal Box when not engaged.

Children between four and ten years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.
Box Office open from 9 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

1s. and 2s. seats on sale only after doors open. All other seats may be booked in advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

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Special inclusive terms till Easter.

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Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.

English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.

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HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think

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THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE AND MART NEWSPAPER, with the Supplement complete, may be had at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls, price 2d., or for 3d. in stamps from the Office: 170, Strand, London, W.C.

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48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and at 10-12, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

"THE DOVE-COT," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Eva Allward ought to have been one of the happiest women in the world, and would but for her monomania, jealousy. Her husband loved her sincerely; yet when she found that she could discover nothing against him, she came to the conclusion not that he was faithful, but merely that he was cunning, that, like Joey B., he was "devilish sly." Everything that happened and everything that did not happen caused her to suspect the luckless Lucas, whose protestations of love and innocence gave her but painful merriment. The climax was brought about by a trick of Durnford, Eva's maid, who maliciously perfumed her master's coat with patchouli, and put two of her golden hairs upon its lappets—now Eva's hair was black. Lucas, of course, could not explain these certainly suspicious facts, so Eva, after a prodigious row, decided to return to her mother and commence divorce proceedings, while Lucas went with her to see fair play. Luckily for these two, they had an ingenious friend, Charles Bamford, who resolved to prevent the shipwreck of their lives, and he suggested a bold scheme to Eva's Darby-and-Joan parents, old Mr. and Mrs. Brindle. The scheme was simple and daring. In order to bring Eva to her senses, they were to take leave of their own, and, by showing her the misery coming from jealousy and bad temper, open her eyes to the wickedness and stupidity of her own conduct. So poor Mr. and Mrs. Brindle, as soon as Eva came, quarrelled appallingly, to the horror and astonishment of their daughter and the amusement of their son-in-law, who saw through the trick. It happened, though neither Eva nor her mother knew it, that old Brindle had once behaved wickedly concerning a handsome Spaniard, Señora Juanita Mendoza, and Eva, by pure accident, came upon the track of this, and actually awakened suspicions in the heart of her mother, whose sham quarrelling suddenly turned to real. In the end Eva had a sharp lesson from seeing how much misery such a character as hers could cause, and, moreover, Lucas's innocence was demonstrated to her, so peace was restored, and happiness reigned—possibly for a week.

"The Dove-Cot" is one of the smartest, most amusing, French farcical comedies given for a long time, and is of far higher class than most, many of the scenes belonging to pure comedy. It has the advantage of being acted by a remarkably strong company. The performance of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the jealous Eva, was quite a brilliant piece of pure comedy, while Miss Carlotta Addison and Mr. James Welch rendered the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Brindle delightfully. Miss Kate Kearney was very funny as a familiar Irish servant, and kept her humour within true artistic limits. Playgoers will be glad to welcome Miss Leonora Braham, who acted cleverly as the Spanish siren, and extremely good work was done by Mr. George Raymond as an elderly solicitor; while the two traditional servants of French farce were capitally represented by Miss Sybil Grey and Mr. William Wyes. It was not surprising that the highly ingenious play of Messrs. Bisson and Leclercq—for no English author's name appears—when rendered by such a company delighted the first-night audience.

E. F. S.

"SELF AND COMRADES."

Not since I laid down Rudyard Kipling's "Soldiers Three" and "Tales from the Hills" have I come across such an entertaining little volume of military stories as the "Self and Comrades: Tales by a Soldier" of C. Stein (Vinton). Mr. Christie Murray once confessed that, although he himself had been for some time in the ranks of a dragoon regiment, he had, as an embryo author, never dreamt of prospecting for the gold-mines of military interest which had existed under his very nose, and which it was left for an outsider like Kipling to discover and to work with such amazing success. But "C. Stein" has also served in the Army—I am very much mistaken from internal evidence if he has not done so in the commission of the Queen—and it is equally clear that, in addition to possessing all the experience of a *beau sabreur*, he is gifted with the happy knack of the fascinating *raconteur*. He tells us twelve stories based on his experience of life in the Army, and it is hard to say which is the best of the lot. None of them are dull, and some of them are almost worthy of the pen of a professional writer in their dramatic construction and truth to life. I should say, indeed, that there was but little invention here, and that all of Mr. "Stein's" yarns—if I may use this nautical expression of a soldier's tales—are genuine "human documents," with but a thin veil of disguise thrown over the identity of his characters. It is this that gives these stories a special value, for what invention of the fictionist can ever be half so interesting as the romance of reality? How Private "Stubbs," of "C" Troop, was not, after all, what he said he was on first enlisting, but bought his discharge after winning his Victoria Cross in Afghanistan, and bloomed out into the Lord Blanchard whom his former officers afterwards met on an English hunting-field—must not that be good reading, for one thing? "Bill Thorburn's Last Chance," too—does not that touchingly illustrate the strength, in all circumstances, of regimental *esprit de corps*? The stories, I repeat, are well told, but Mr. Stein ought to have known better than to say that his men "*laid* down ready to open fire." Apart from his name, which is decidedly German, I was inclined to conclude, from internal evidence, that Mr. "Stein" must be a Scotchman; but I find him talking about the "*wee sma*" instead of the "*wee short* hours ayont the twal," and surely no true Scotchman would ever commit the sacrilege of misquoting Burns, would he?

SMALL TALK.

The Dublin season began brilliantly with a large Drawing-Room, at which a hundred and seventy-one presentations were made. I shall not attempt to gush about the gowns, but a glance at the two débutantes



MISS E. CREED MEREDITH, A DUBLIN DÉBUTANTE.
Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

whose portraits I reproduce will convince the mere man that a Dublin Drawing-Room is worth his attention.

But there is another side to Ireland at this moment. I have received several letters in reference to my appeal concerning the famine now prevailing in the West of Ireland, and a correspondent has written the following letter to the *Freeman's Journal*—

AN ENGLISH SYMPATHISER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

21, Northcote Road, Strood, Kent, Feb. 3, 1898.

SIR,—*The Sketch* (London) quotes in the current number from your journal that there is serious distress, amounting to famine, in Ireland, and that nothing is being done over here to relieve it. I am sure it only needs to be known for the Lord Mayor to take it up, and for a Mansion House Fund to be started, if need be. Meanwhile, on the principle of *Bis dat qui cito dat*, I beg to send you the enclosed cheque for a pound, which I would make larger only I am not a rich man, and to ask you to send the money to some trustworthy agent who will use it where most required. You will, I trust, forgive me for thus troubling you, but I do not know to whom else to write.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, R. E. CORE.

In a leader dealing with this letter the *Freeman's Journal* calls attention to the fact that little good can be done by private benevolence, and that these constantly recurring famines in the West of Ireland need special treatment on the part of the Government. This the Government have since acknowledged, and the debate in the House of Commons leaves nothing further to be said.

It does not justify the absolute boycott of the famine in the London journals until Parliament met, when they suddenly wax eloquent. It certainly speaks very poorly for the sincerity of many journalists in this country, who profess to have a peculiar affection for Ireland, that they should concern themselves with what is going on in China and other parts of the world with so much ardour and should leave the calamitous tragedy near their own doors severely alone, writing about Ireland only when it is made a matter of party politics. The *Manchester Guardian* has set them so admirable an example of contrary action. It sent Professor Long, a writer of marked ability and a Protestant, to Ballinrobe and other places, and his letters from the West of Ireland have shown a state of famine and poverty of which one would have thought it was impossible to read without deepest pity. A committee has been formed in Manchester, under the auspices of the *Manchester Guardian*, which has already collected more than four thousand pounds for the Famine Fund. Professor Long's views of the magnitude of the famine have been called in question by the Rev. James Robertson, a Methodist minister, who, apparently, resents

that the Roman Catholic clergy are alone engaged in distributing the money among the poor of the West of Ireland. To Mr. Robertson, Professor Long replied as follows—

I am pained to think that an attempt should be made to prevent the supply of bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked upon the basis of statements which are unsupported by one tittle of evidence, by the name of a single eye-witness, or even by the expression of the whole truth. I have written and spoken of what I know. I went to Ireland an entire stranger to the West—a working member of another Church—and holding political views of another colour to the people whose position I investigated; and it was solely because I was a witness in village after village of the direst poverty and suffering that the representations contained in my letters were made. It is admitted that the potato crop was a partial failure, sprayed crops not numbering one in hundreds. Well, that means that thousands of families are obtaining only partial rations, or that they have no potatoes, and consequently no food at all. I affirm solemnly that, although I visited very many villages, entering house after house, in each unexpected, I never saw any food but the potato except upon five occasions—once flour, twice Indian-meal, and twice a herring—at least three of the families, where these foods were noticed, being, although very poor, able to make both ends meet. I was permitted to explore the little cottages, and to find potatoes or any other food I could. That the want of these poor creatures was paraded by them, as Mr. Robertson's informants insinuate, is an ungenerous libel upon the most simple, single-minded, and uncomplaining people I ever met; and I speak of them individually and collectively, visiting them in most cases by myself or with my daughter. That money is found among them for drink is a statement which I defy any of Mr. Robertson's informants to make over his own signature. The fact is, these poor, starving families are all Roman Catholics, and I cannot conceive how gentlemen of the Methodist persuasion can know anything of their position or inner life unless they have made a pilgrimage similar to that which I undertook for the express purpose. The majority live many miles from a Wesleyan place of worship, and assuredly the ministers of that Connexion are morally as far from them as the people of England. So long as their condition is not seen it will never be believed; nor would the public, as a whole, believe the evidence of an apostle if he came from the dead.

Since this, however, a committee has been formed in Dublin to distribute the funds of the Manchester committee, and it is a committee of unquestionable impartiality, several Protestant clergymen, including the Rev. James Robertson, being engaged upon it.

Pembroke Lodge has been granted by her Majesty to the Princess Louise. By the way, the largest and best set of apartments at Hampton Court Palace, granted to the Princess Frederica of Hanover some eighteen years ago, has just been surrendered to the Queen by the Princess.

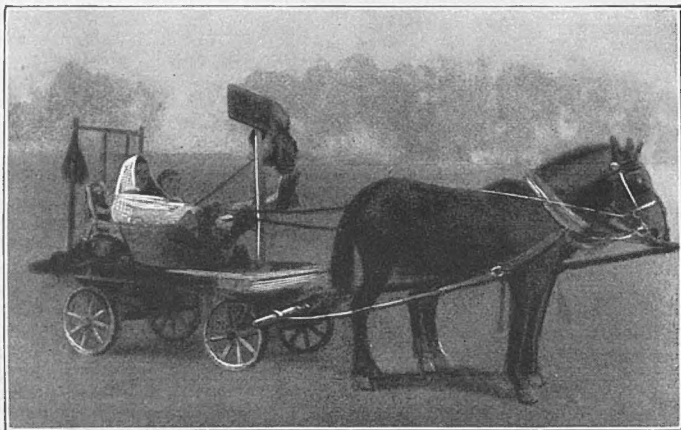
Sir Hugh Henry Gough, V.C., K.C.B., who succeeds Sir Frederick Middleton as Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the Tower, has a splendid record of war-service. At the siege of Delhi he was Adjutant of the famous Hodson's Horse. He served with distinction throughout the



MISS M. I. CODDINGTON, A DUBLIN DÉBUTANTE.
Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

Mutiny, and gained the V.C. at Alumbagh in 1857. He went through the Abyssinian Campaign, also the Afghan War of 1878-80, commanding the cavalry brigade in the famous march from Cabul to Candahar. Sir Hugh did not escape unscathed, for he was severely wounded more than once. He was mentioned in despatches several times for "distinguished bravery."

The gaiety of Tommy is not eclipsed by the troubles of Tirah, for so lately as Jan. 16 the 5th Dragoon Guards were entertaining the troops at Meerut with some quaint quips in driving. The first prize fell to the enterprising gentlemen who made the cycle do duty for the horse. The second prize went to a "lady" (really an officer), who drove a

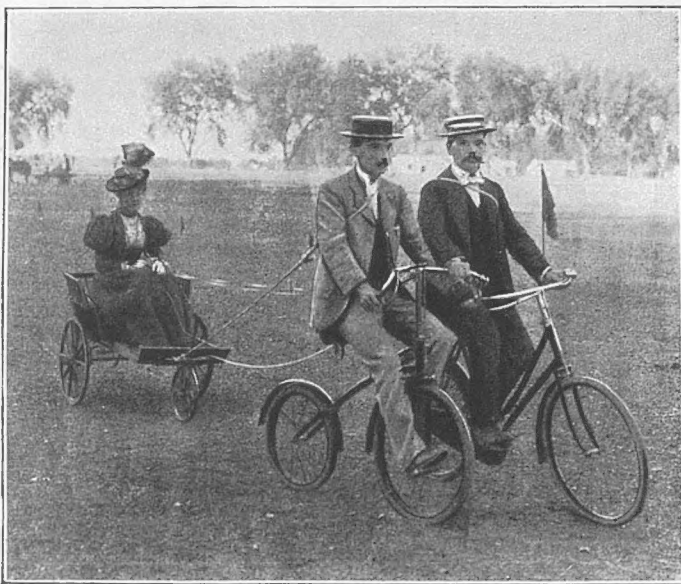


KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.

tum-tum covered with roses. The third went to the two gentlemen who sat in a bath-tub perched on a car decorated with the various insignia of the Order of the Bath, such as towels, sponges, &c.

Even the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, has been enjoying a paper-chase at Calcutta, and has broken his leg in pursuit of this pleasure. The weekly paper-chase is a great Calcutta institution. The "hares" who lay the paper are always chosen from among the boldest horsemen, and it is their pride to take as difficult a line of country as they can find, natural obstacles being supplemented by hurdles and other fences. The length of the course used to be about two and a-half miles, and, the spirit of emulation being strong among paper-chase riders, the gallop became a steeplechase pure and simple. So little was there to distinguish its risks from those of regular racing under Calcutta Turf Club rules that many merchants forbade their assistants to join in the Friday afternoon's run. Quite lately an attempt has been made to reduce the pace by increasing the length of the course to four miles—a distance no man would try to ride at full speed from start to finish, if he means to get to the end at all, but that this judicious change has not eliminated all risk of accidents Sir George White's accident goes to prove. I often wonder why some of those hunting men who think "what fun we might have if it wasn't for those adjective hounds" do not organise paper-chasing in England.

A certain moonlight steeplechase, ridden by soldiers appropriately garbed in night-shirts over their mess-uniforms, formed the subject of a famous series of pictures known, I suppose, to everybody. It has been reserved for ardent Leicestershire sportsmen to start hunting by moonlight; you may hunt six days a week from Melton and other convenient centres, but these keen hands deem it a pity to squander fine moonlight nights in sluggish repose, and accordingly arranged a run with foot-beagles on the night of Saturday, Jan. 29. Nine p.m. was the



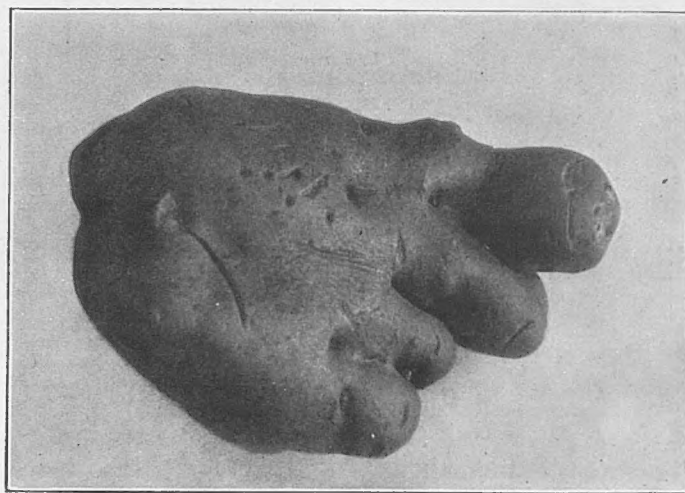
THE 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS' IDEA OF DRIVING.

hour, and the Manor House, Turlington, the place; there was a large field, including some ladies. There was a stiff wind blowing, which was against scent, and, though the hounds found a hare, they could not run her at any pace. They went quite fast enough for their followers, however, who made some discoveries which no doubt will be valuable if beagling by moonlight ever obtains popularity; thus, it was

ascertained that it is very difficult to run over ridge and furrow and keep your feet; that the height of obstacles is very hard to judge correctly in the dark; and, what most have learned already, that quickset hedges really and truly have thorns. "If you'd like to come and see—or hear—beagles working by moonlight," writes a kind friend, "I shall be delighted to put you up." Thanks; foxhounds working by sunlight are good enough for me.

In the next edition of his "Forty-one Years in India," Lord Roberts is to make some corrections. The friends of the late Colonel Hugh Fraser, C.B., considered that the references in that work to the condition of the Fort at Agra in the Indian Mutiny in 1857 did injustice to the part enacted by that gallant officer, and, upon communicating with Lord Roberts, his lordship acknowledges to having been misled by a statement in Colonel Malleeson's History, and has stated that he will correct the passage in the next edition. It is also expected that Lord Roberts, in consequence of a correspondence in a Northern paper, will modify his statements with reference to the care of the sick and wounded by the Indian Medical Service at the siege of Delhi, and likewise make some amends for the neglect to acknowledge in full the services of his distinguished comrade the late General Sir Herbert Macpherson.

The recruiting difficulties in Scotland have been attributed to the fact that so few regiments are stationed there. Only one cavalry and two infantry regiments are kept in Scotland—in Edinburgh and Glasgow—and these are not up to full strength. There is not a field-battery, or, indeed, a single gun, in the country. Considering the recent experience of our troops in hill-fighting, it would seem advisable to train some of our Light Infantry and Rifle Corps in the Highlands. The French and Italian Armies possess their Alpine regiments. Even as far



A POTATO THAT POSES AS A HUMAN FOOT.

back as Peninsular days our troops suffered through the lack of training in mountain warfare, to say nothing of more recent experiences in South Africa. How can troops quartered in our large manufacturing towns be expected to excel in this kind of fighting, or, indeed, campaigning of any sort? The wonder is that they do so well.

In connection with this question it is interesting to note that Fort George, constructed by the Government early last century as a military centre and dépôt in view of the disaffection prevalent among the Highland clans, but of late years dismantled, has again resumed its position as one of the military stations of the country. A branch of the Highland Railway is soon to run to the Fort, which will have the honour of being the birthplace of the new battalion of Cameron Highlanders now being formed. Colonel Hunt, the commander of the fort, an officer between whom and his men a fine spirit of camaraderie manifests itself in many ways, has already nearly four hundred rank-and-file under his control, and when the regiment leaves Fort George in the autumn, it is expected that, as every day brings in some recruits, the full strength of six hundred will be reached.

The new 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards has just left Woolwich—its first station—for Gravesend. The battalion is not yet up to anything like its full strength, nor will it be for some time. In September, when the 2nd Grenadiers and a Coldstream battalion go to Gibraltar to replace the 1st Grenadiers and the Manchester Regiment, the 3rd Coldstreams are to come to London. It is said that they are to take over the bearskins of the outgoing battalion, so the supply of bears is apparently falling off. What will the gallant Guards do when they are all gone? This is undoubtedly a problem to be faced in the future. By the way, nothing seems to have been done up to the present towards raising the 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards.

The Government intends to utilise the ground acquired on Salisbury Plain for extensive manœuvres this year; some fifty thousand troops of all arms, including twenty-five thousand militia, will be encamped there.

Mr. Carter, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, sends me the actual potato herewith pictured, which looks like a human foot.

The trouble of the world for the moment is summed up, I find, in one laconic abbreviation—"flu." People resort to this curtailment on the same principle as they abbreviate other disagreeables, such, for example, as "D.T.'s." To pronounce the trisyllable full out heightens the horror of the plague, so that I read and hear on every hand of "flu."—

I open my *Mail* with a qualm of despair,
For I'm faced with a tale of the plague in the air
Attacking the blood that is blue.
We read of the "toffs," but we know that its webs
Have compassed with coughs the patricians and plebs,
So vengeful a foe is the "flu."

I note that his Grace is compelled to postpone
His trip to the place where he meant to have flown
To open a park or a "zoo."
He meant to have dined, but he joined in the gloom,
And now he's confined for the nonce to his room,
A victim reduced by the "flu."

When your friend disappears from the place where you lunch,
Or glimmers with tears at the pictures of *Punch*,
Or studies his outlet with rue,
The cause is as plain as the fire on the grill:
You know like a Quain that he's certainly ill,
In the grasp of the dominant "flu."

When you start of a night to go out to the play,
You'll read in the light of a bountiful Bray,
With a look that is probably blue,
The *Management* beg to announce, with regret,
Miss *Fluff*'s indisposed, and won't act. You may bet
The cause is that terrible "flu."

The vicar can't come to the mission bazaar—
He is deaf, he is dumb with a shocking catarrh;
The curate is down with it, too.
The Church and the Stage, and the World and the Flesh,
The child and the sage are entrapped in the mesh
Of that plaguey and prevalent "flu."

A case of leprosy in London! The news is startling, but, unfortunately, quite true. I have summoned up the necessary courage (writes a correspondent) to see one of the children of the unfortunate woman who is now dying of the hideous complaint in a crowded London street, and have heard the details of the case. The sufferer has been resident in England for many years, and has been afflicted by the disease during the past five or six years. Hospital after hospital has rejected her, and now she is left to die at home, since medical science cannot assist her. That the process involves great danger to people in the neighbourhood may or may not be true. Doctors in England do not seem agreed upon the point; knowledge of leprosy is very slight in this country, and there is no absolute certainty as to its infectious or contagious properties. At the same time, it is matter for surprise that a great country like England and a capital like London should have no place to which a sufferer from one of the greatest scourges known to humanity can be taken to die in peace. Many strange diseases come to London from time to time. Their existence is usually kept a profound secret, and, owing to our knowledge of the efficacy of sanitary precautions, they do not spread. None the less, there should be a national hospital for all diseases, however revolting. To let sufferers go where they can is a procedure that nothing can justify.

The recently formed Stock Exchange Coursing Club held their first meet at Cooling, near Gravesend, the other day. Hares were plentiful, and almost without exception proved strong and gave the dogs good trials. Mr. Brice, who has been appointed judge for the Waterloo

Meeting, judged, and Wright slipped. The card contained four events, running over the two days, the chief of which was the Stock Exchange Stakes for thirty-two dogs, which was valued at £65 to the winner, and £25 to the second, with substantial prizes for third, fourth, and



WILD ROVER, THE WINNER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE STAKES.

others. This was won by Wild Rover, owned by Messrs. Mossop and Michells, members of the House, whose success as young beginners in the sport received hearty congratulations, and I offer them and the new club every good wish for the future.

The appeal to the public on behalf of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade has borne good fruit, so that Dr. Collins and the Hon. George Hill-Trevor may feel assured that their trusteeship is succeeding in its object. Mr. Hill-Trevor tells me that very many people are now beginning to subscribe to the only authorised Fund, and at least one of the unauthorised societies whose inner workings are so obscure has been obliged to put the shutters up. It will be a fine day for the widows and orphans of the firemen when the others are compelled to follow this example. With the idea of still further bringing the cause of the Fund before the public, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Trevor is arranging a matinée to be given early next month for its benefit. I hope to give particulars in a week or so. I only know at present that the performance will be given partly by amateurs, and that many people have already promised to spend a pleasant afternoon in furthering the aims of a very deserving charity.

Let us rejoice greatly. There would seem to be a chance for a clear atmosphere on the underground railways. I am quite prepared to hear pessimists scoff and remark that these glad tidings are for the most part *canards*; none the less, the fact remains that the committee appointed to inquire into the matter declare that tunnels may be most satisfactorily ventilated. They recommend a system of fans placed at intermediate points between the stations, and are satisfied that, in the case of tunnels of the length of those on the Metropolitan Railway, fans can be obtained, erected, and worked which would be able effectively to move the quantity of air necessary to give satisfactory ventilation, while, under the proposed system, it would be possible to remain in any station, even including Gower Street and Portland Road, without grave danger of asphyxia.

There is a rumour that the millennium of the German sausage is approaching! Who unearthed this interesting fact I do not know, but in Germany they say that it is just a thousand years since pork-butchers discovered the art of fabricating this ubiquitous delicacy. Of course, the Happy Fatherland will unite as one man to celebrate the event, and one wonders what form the rejoicings will take. Will they have a grand exhibition, with sausages of every form and shape?



THE HERTFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS—"HEAVY GOING."
Photo by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.

It is not every enthusiast who, after forty-three years of labour, can rest and regard the results of his exertion with satisfaction and the knowledge that he is esteemed a public benefactor by his fellows. But this knowledge belongs to Mr. Morell, the founder, and for many years principal supporter, of the National Sunday League. This society,



MR. MORELL.

FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street.

which has done so much to brighten the erstwhile dull seventh day, was called into being in 1855, and for a considerable period struggled on in the face of adverse circumstances and clerical opposition. The persistency of Mr. Morell and his associates eventually, however, broke down the barrier of prejudice, and to-day the League caters for many thousands of Londoners, not only in being mainly instrumental in bringing about the Sunday opening of all the principal museums, but in the providing of excursions at cheap rates and reasonable opportunities for those desirous of obtaining amusement or instruction. Mr. Morell, who, in addition to his labours in connection with his creation, was for many years engaged in a business of his own, is now enjoying an honoured old age, esteemed by all who know him.

Who is not anxious in these "hard times" to assist ladies with small incomes? "The Red Spider" is a "Ladies' Work Order Association" which has this excellent object at heart, and a committee of ladies, who, presumably, have not small incomes, do their best to help their less fortunate sisters. The other afternoon they gave a very charming *matinée musicale* at the house of Mrs. H. Bonham-Carter (their manager), at 53, Rutland Gate, under the direction of Chevalier Wilhelm Ganz.

One of the great features of the afternoon was the arrival on the scene of "Our Nellie," who is herself, I am delighted to see, to be helped with a big "benefit" ere long. It was charming to note the attentions showered upon this most popular actress, who gave some of us a treat upon the boards more than thirty years ago. How well I recall my first sight of her when, as Sam Willoughby in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," she dashed upon the stage! In a very tasty "prospectus"—shall I call it?—the committee of "The Red Spider" set forth the objects of their association, and inform ladies of the kinds of work (which include miniature-painting, restoring pictures, mending old china, and all sorts of needlework) which can be arranged for with the manager, Mrs. Bonham-Carter.

The Church Army, which will shortly celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of its foundation, is one of the most successful organisations of recent years. Starting from small beginnings, it has grown until it now possesses ramifications in every part of the world. While the work done by the Army is carried out in accordance with the soundest Christian principles, it is designed on a basis of plain common-sense, and the results attained by the social branch especially are such as to have been accorded the testimony of three Archbishops, most of the Bishops, and the majority of the Government departments. The whole policy of the Church Army is to do its work thoroughly and well, with as little fuss as is possible, and, so consistently is this principle carried out that the person to whom most of the credit for the achievement of the work is due is scarcely as well known as he might be. I question, indeed, whether the majority of the public know that the Rev. J. Carlile is the founder as well as the guiding spirit of the Church Army, to which he devotes his whole time and abilities, with very marked success. It is a genuine pleasure to me to be able to present a portrait of this conscientious worker to my readers.

Last Friday was the sixty-first anniversary of the death of Ludwig Boerne, whose name is now strangely unfamiliar even to a majority of English reading men. His services to the German press, his establishment of papers as an educational medium rather than a mere record of accomplished facts, his liberal views, that were hardly understood in the time when Europe was only just beginning to recover from the first

Napoleon, served to bring him into conflict with the authorities, and he passed some time in prison. Perhaps the one thing that brought Boerne into prominence was his attack upon Goethe, but his "Letters from Paris" to Henrietta Wohl, which were immediately suppressed and led to his exile, were widely read and greatly admired. Though he was baptised, Ludwig Boerne was at heart and by birth a Jew, and his defence of his people was regular and consistent, granting it was based upon love of humanity rather than race. In short, he was a notable figure, who made the paths of liberty that his successors were to tread broader, more pleasant, and less dangerous. It is strange and regrettable that there should to-day be so few to recall his brave and useful life.

A correspondent writes about the picture of "February Fill Dyke," produced in these columns two weeks ago, and points out the common error of believing that the phrase implies the wetness of February—

As a matter of fact, February is the driest month of the year, and the term "fill dyke" refers to the custom, on the near advent of spring, of farmers who live on lands in the neighbourhood of rivers or in the fen country turning the waters of these rivers or main arterial cuts into the tributary dykes or ditches connected with them, so as to prevent their cattle, on being turned out into the meadows after the winter for fresh air and pasturage, straying from one field (there being no hedges) into another, and thus getting mixed up. There is another popular fallacy in connection with the months of the year. I refer to "Bright October." This common saying does not refer to the amount of sunshine enjoyed during this month—which is, in reality, the second wettest of the twelve—but to the fact that beer is brewed during this season which should be bright in colour.

Airdrie is proud of a centenarian, for Mrs. Waugh, who lives in the little mining village of Drumgelloch, near Airdrie, was born on Dec. 10, 1797. Her father, Peter Aitken, who was a miner, belonged to a place called Greenend, near Whifflet, and her mother, Mary Adams, to the village of Cleland, in the parish of Shotts. Mrs. Waugh has had many hard trials and hardships to encounter in her journey through life. She was married when very young to Andrew Murray, who met with his death while following his occupation as a pit-sinker. After remaining a widow for some time, she was again married, to Joseph Waugh, who was also a pit-sinker, and met his death in a similar manner. Two children were born of this marriage, who still survive, John and Peter respectively. Mrs. Waugh went with her two children to the village of Newarthill over sixty years ago, where she has remained ever since, and has been struggling hard for a long time to keep the wolf from the door; and through all her hardships and poverty she has still maintained an irreproachable character. Her centenary was celebrated in the Public School, where a concert was given on her behalf.



AN AIRDRIE CENTENARIAN.

Photo by Platt, Airdrie.

I am asked by the Rev. John Edwards, Superior of the Franciscan Monastery at Roundstone, Connemara, Ireland, to say that he will be grateful for any cast-off children's clothing that charitably disposed people are inclined to send him for the benefit of the children in the National Schools. The failure of the potato crop has made the situation, as regards not only food, but also clothing, distressingly painful in the district surrounding the Roundstone Monastery. I visited Father Edwards when touring in Connemara last year, and I was much struck by his large-hearted charity.

A correspondent writes—

SIR,—It will be a considerable surprise to you to learn that *The Sketch* is an immoral publication, unfit for the eyes of youth to gaze upon, yet such is the decision of the wisacres who form the directorate of the Burnley Mechanics' Institution. These old fogeys have recently withdrawn your artistic and delightful journal from the young men's room, and allege the above as their reason for doing so; but, with characteristic hypocrisy, they reserve a copy for their own room. They evidently want all the good things for themselves, although a simple-minded youth like myself would naturally suppose that what is depraving to the young would be equally so to the old. My father has it regularly on our table, and myself and younger brothers and sisters delight in it. Indeed, the man who can see anything immoral in *The Sketch* must be the possessor of a very filthy mind himself.

A valuable diptych has been discovered among the treasures of the ancient Abbey of Origny. It dates from the sixteenth century, and was made for Antoinette de Vendôme, wife of the first Duke of Guise. She bequeathed it to her daughter, Renée, who became Abbess of Origny in 1555, and since that time it has been in the possession of the abbey. At the time of the Revolution, it managed by some miracle to escape the notice of the terrorists. It is book-shaped, and round the sides runs a garland of golden leaves covered with white enamel. The interior is divided into thirty-six small compartments only one centimètre square, each of which holds a tiny relic.



REV. J. CARLILE.

FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH ARMY.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street.

Have you ever thought how little of London as it stands is really old? Take away the Abbey and the Tower, and you have very little left that is very ancient. Is London London still? the quibblers over the *Ego* might ask, just as they argue that the *Victory* as we know it is not Nelson's *Victory*, in view of the enormous changes made in the old ship.

London is perpetually rebuilding itself. Thus this week I show you two historic buildings that are doomed. The building forming No. 122 of Great Portland Street, which will soon be in ruins, is memorable from the fact that Boswell died there on May 19, 1795. In the same street Weber, the composer, Sir David Wilkie, the artist, Jones, the engraver, Wilton, the sculptor, Leigh Hunt, and Brookes, the great surgeon, lived at different times. But I fear the Greatness of Portland Street has become a purely empirical term.

Then, coming east to Bouverie Street, you will find that the editorial offices of *Punch*—the publishing office is in Fleet Street, beside Anthony Hope's father's church—are to be rebuilt, and the *Punch* dinners will be held elsewhere during the process of reconstruction.

Whether this process is to be extended to *Punch* itself, I know not, but rivals that have adopted much more advanced forms of

WHERE BOSWELL DIED IN GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

Photo by Dolas, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

artistic humour are springing up, especially on the Continent. Munich undoubtedly led the way with *Jugend*. Now Berlin comes to the front with an imitation of this clever journal, called *Das Narrenschiff*, which describes itself in a sub-title as "Blätter für fröhliche Kunst." It is a quarto, printed in colours, and is altogether a smart production. As for England, the latest comic paper comes from Pearson's, under the wing of Dan Leno. You have only to look at his picture, printed elsewhere in this issue, to see that Daniel may again make the older lions roar.

A landmark in dingy but by no means unlovable Bloomsbury is quickly disappearing, and even as I write the façade of the poor old Russell Institution is in process of demolition. The Russell Institution had performed a service of considerable utility in its day, whose twilight began some time ago. As soon as the frontage is quite down, there will be an unsightly gap, extending behind Woburn Place right from Great Coram Street into Tavistock Place, just opposite the new Passmore Edwards Settlement. The district, indeed, is being completely transformed.

The Société Contre l'Abus des Boissons Spiritueuses, the Paris Temperance Society, has decided to open coffee-taverns in some of the poorer quarters of the city. It is not unlikely that these establishments will prove a great success. Anyone who has resided in Paris for any length of time cannot but have been struck by the large number of *crémeries*, where only milk, tea, and chocolate are sold, which are proving to be paying concerns.

The Paris Municipal Council has just voted five thousand francs to the fund for restoring the carillon of the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois. Some years ago this peal of bells used to be played regularly, large crowds of people collecting on the Place du Louvre, until the police made them "move on," to listen to the charming music. As soon as the carillon is put in good order, it will play four times a day. At eight o'clock in the morning Parisians will hear "Les Cloches de Corneville," at noon "Si j'étais Roi," at the evening Angelus "Le Carnaval de Venise," and at midnight Adam's "Noël."

The Académie Goncourt still hangs fire. From time to time the French newspapers publish the names of the two writers who are deserving of election to the two seats which must be filled before the members are *au complet*, profoundly indifferent to the fact that there may never be an Academy at all. MM. Jean Lorrain, Paul Alexis,

Lucien Descaves, and Georges Rodenbach are, doubtless, all worthy of election; but speculation on the subject is futile until the pending lawsuit has come before the Court of Appeal. Even if the judgment is given in favour of the executors under Edmond de Goncourt's will—MM. Léon Daudet and Hennique—against "the distant relative" of the author of "Germinie Lacerteux" who contests the will, the members may find, as has happened on many another occasion, that most of their capital has been frittered away in law expenses. M. Huysmans, who is one of the members, is very pessimistic over the affair. Edmond de Goncourt made his own will, and, as nearly always happens under such circumstances, made it badly. Since his death things have apparently gone from bad to worse, mainly owing to the want of a business man among the members to see that the most possible was saved from the wreckage.

From a financial point of view, M. Zola will be a heavy loser over the Dreyfus case. Since he wrote his now famous letter, "J'accuse! . . ." in the *Aurore*, there has been a steady falling-off, Paris booksellers tell me, in the sale of his works. They have been afraid to display Zola's novels on the stalls on the boulevards, and the putting-off of the publication of "Paris" for several months shows that M. Fasquel, his publisher, fears the story will be a failure in book form.

Joris Karl Huysmans' new book, "La Cathédrale," of which an English edition will shortly be published, is having a great success in Paris—a great success, that is, for a work of so solid a nature. The novel is the sequel to "En Route," and the second volume of the trilogy which deals with the conversion and salvation of Durtal, who was also the chief character, it will be remembered, of "Là-Bas." M. Huysmans says that this new novel has given him more trouble than any he has yet written. He has been engaged upon it for three years; one year longer than it would have taken him had he had the necessary documents at his disposal.

"La Cathédrale" is the account of the effect of thirteenth century art and symbolism on the mind of the hero, Durtal, that mediæval art which can so well be studied at Notre Dame de Chartres, where the action of the story is laid. Now, there are few works on thirteenth century symbolism, and M. Huysmans has found even these few to be most unreliable, if not actually useless, for his purpose. The documentation of his new novel has, therefore, been stupendous—in fact, "never should I have finished my work," he says, "had it not been for documents



WHERE "PUNCH" DINES IN BOUVERIE STREET.

Photo by Dolas, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

placed at my disposal by the Benedictines of Solesmes." The concluding volume of the trilogy, "L'Oblat," which will be a study of Durtal's life among the monks at Solesmes, will give M. Huysmans less trouble, as he intends it to be the plain story of a tranquil, studious, monkish existence, of the pleasures of which he has himself tasted.

New York is gloating over two more of those international romances which its heart loveth. I cannot help thinking, however, that Prince Fabien Colonna will deem it a little precipitate of the American papers to publish his portrait side by side with that of a young lady whom he has never seen, but whom he is evidently expected to make the Princess Colonna. She is at present Miss Eleanor Bergen Moran, of Charlottesville, Virginia, and the story goes that the Prince fell in love with her photograph in Paris and has started an ardent correspondence on the strength of it. Miss Moran and her mother are to visit Paris in the spring, when, it is understood, the Prince will have his opportunity. As he has been sending her love-poems spun from his own princely brain, he will, no doubt, take advantage of it. Miss Moran is not rich, as American girls go, but neither is Prince Colonna. She, however, "looks the patrician," and has "a certain audacity, a dash that commands admiration," while the Prince is "tall and slender, with beautiful, dreamy eyes."



A BARON TURNED TRAM-CONDUCTOR.
From the "New York World."

Miss Moran, though her maidenly reserve forbids that she should act so impetuously as his Highness, is stated to be "much impressed" by his photograph.

The love-story of Baron Ernst Ulrich von Muenchow has a touch of the lugubrious. It is told of him that, while an officer in the German Army, he met the young Baroness Rycharska, and it would have been a match had not the lady's family become involved in financial difficulties. Eventually, she and her mother went to America and settled in Brooklyn. Thither Von Muenchow followed them, and there he married the young Baroness. He knew he was acting against the wishes of his family, but he did not quite expect the letter which came (in reply to the announcement of his wedding) to say that he was disinherited. He is now a cable-car conductor in New York.

Harry S. Morrison, the "boy reporter" who was interviewed in *The Sketch* a short time ago, has gone back to America, where, perhaps, his enterprise will find wider scope than in this country, with its old-fashioned and unsympathetic notions about the place of boys in the scheme of things. Anyhow, he has just called on President McKinley, and delivered the kind regards which, on his recent visit to Paris, President Faure commissioned him to carry back to the White House. President McKinley was affable, though he has contracted since the spring a new way of shaking hands which Master Morrison "doesn't think much of." The President does not seem to be so enthusiastic about politics as he once was. "Do you think it," Master Morrison asked, "a creditable ambition for a boy to look forward to being a politician?" "It is a creditable thing for a boy to want to be President," he returned. His own boyish inclinations, however, lay quite in another direction.

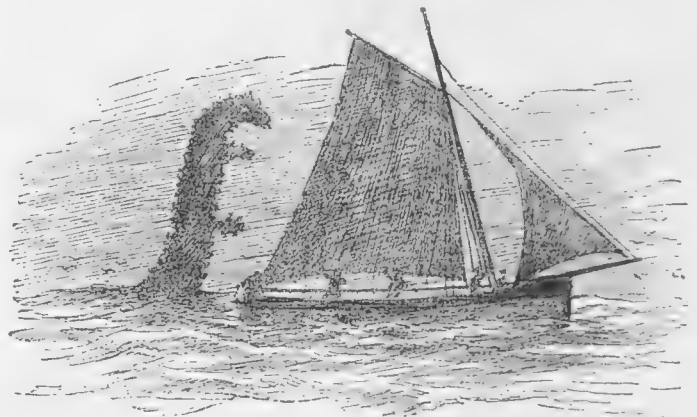


THE SAME BARON AS A GALLANT HUSSAR.
From the "New York World."

is carved out of the rock. Some years ago, a committee of experts was charged to examine the Lion and to make a report on the measures to be taken with a view to preventing its total destruction. Certain small and not very costly precautions were taken as the result of that step, but more important work has now been recognised as necessary.

The sea-serpent is to the front again, and, as usual, there is plenty of detail which, as Pooh-Bah would say, is "calculated to give verisimilitude to an unconvincing narrative." It is worthy of note, however, that the story comes not in the dead season, but on the eve of the Parliamentary Session. Early one Monday morning the *Dart* of Dundee, a schooner of ninety-two tons gross, left Peterhead on a voyage to Aberdeen, when one of the crew noticed an object which seemed very like a whale. Thinking discretion the better part of valour, the captain ran to the helm and altered the course. Having done this, he went below and procured a double-barrelled gun, which he discharged at the monster. This was too much for the sea-serpent, which reared itself out of the water to the height of fifty feet and perceived the vessel. So surely was this the case that one of the crew actually sketched the monster for the enterprising *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, as shown here. The monster, you will see, was nearly as thick as a horse, and its eyes were of sparkling green. It had flap-like ears, and feelers or fins about ten feet from the head, while about fifteen or twenty feet lower down the body was another and stronger set. The animal followed the little craft for about ten miles, and then disappeared, much to the relief of the crew.

The Leader of the House of Commons is always an interesting personality, and, consequently, his home-life and habits, equally with his Parliamentary career, present features of interest to all political parties. Whittingham, Mr. A. J. Balfour's home in Scotland, is a Saxon word said to signify "the abode of the white man"; and in his quiet retreat there, if one may judge from the character of his library—we have Mr. Balfour's own confession that he does not read the newspapers—and the books on his study-table and lying about in his room, the First Lord varies his reading, the heavy philosophical treatise giving place to Mr. Kipling's "In Black and White," or Hutchinson's "British Golf-Links," books which were found by a visitor to Whittingham side by side with the "Messiah" on the grand piano. Mr. Balfour is, by the way, not only a lover of music, but a more than ordinarily accomplished executant, and a writer, moreover, on musical subjects. At the head of Mr. Balfour's simple bed in his country residence there hangs a small replica of "Ecce Homo," and from above the fireplace the beautiful face



A VISION OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

Reproduced from the *Edinburgh "Evening Dispatch."*

of the statesman's mother looks down on her son. In the great staircase at Whittingham portraits of Cecil and Balfours adorn the walls, and in the dining-room hang the two pictures presented to Mr. Balfour in 1892 by the Manchester Unionists. The estimate in which the Leader of the House is held by his retainers is finely expressed in the following remark to a visitor by one of them—"If ye saw the Laird wi' the old laddie look on his face gangin' bare-headed doon by the burnside, ye wad 'maist forget he was sic a great man."

Mr. Lawson Walton, Radical barrister, is the man of the week in Parliament. His selection by the Opposition leaders to move the chief amendment to the Address has filled some budding Under-Secretaries with envy. This is supposed to point him out as the Solicitor-General of the Administration which Sir William Harcourt hopes some day to form. But what about the philosophic Mr. Haldane? Is he disqualified for that post by being a Roseberyite? Mr. Walton's selection to move the Indian amendment may be explained in another way. Like Sir Henry Fowler, the ex-Indian Secretary, he is a Wesleyan. Each is the son of a Wesleyan minister. Indeed, Mr. Walton is descended on both sides from ministers. I don't suppose the fact that he was born in Ceylon gives him any peculiar acquaintance with Indian affairs. As an able lawyer, however, he can always make a good case. Moreover, he is a more effective Parliamentary speaker than most gentlemen from the Temple. His Wesleyan connection has given the Member for South Leeds an earnest manner, as of one convinced of what he says. Mr. Walton possesses a well-shaped head, and a clear, clean-shaven face. Both in appearance and in manner he bears some resemblance to Mr. Asquith. Like that distinguished Front-Benchman, Mr. Walton has a trick of accompanying an emphatic statement by a downward swoop of the body. He is married to a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Hedderwick, of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and has a house in Peeblesshire.

The arrangements that have been made between the Royal Opera Syndicate of Covent Garden and Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius for the production in June, under elaborately exceptional circumstances, of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" do everybody concerned in the matter extraordinary credit. It is only to be hoped that the innovations which have been made in regard to the hours of performance will prove as agreeable to the fashionable world, on which so much must necessarily depend at the London Opera, as they will assuredly do to the devotees of art. It will be a curious experience to troop into Covent Garden at four in the afternoon to hear "Die Götterdämmerung," and only a little later than that hour for "Walküre" and "Siegfried." The "Rheingold" will naturally not begin until half-past eight. The incalculable advantage to art will be that the whole of the Tetralogy, from the earliest notes of "Das Rheingold" (which Sir Augustus Harris used to call a d—d pantomime) to the last chord of "Götterdämmerung," will be given without a single cut.

Now that so important a scheme is coming to a definite fruition, it is interesting to recall some of the earlier comments which were made by men of light and leading upon the earliest production of Wagner's masterpiece. Take, as an exemplary instance, an article in so representative a work as Sir George Grove's "Musical Dictionary," by Mr. W. S. Rockstro, which appears in the 1880 edition. After describing the scenic and orchestral arrangements necessary for the "Ring," this writer continues—

Surely this is a great sign of weakness. There must be something wanting in a drama which needs these gorgeous accompaniments to make it attractive; and it is difficult to believe that such a display will ever again be attempted, except under the immediate superintendence of the author of the piece.

Well, the author has been dead and buried these eighteen years, and the "Ring" is as lively as ever; yet here was Mr. Rockstro calmly discussing the possible influence of Wagner's teaching, "supposing the 'Tetralogy' should be banished from the stage, from sheer inability to fulfil the necessary conditions of its production." Surely this written word is one of Time's most fantastic revenges!

Madame Sarah Grand is a widow, for her husband, Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel McFall, died at Orford Barracks, Warrington, last week, at the age of sixty-six. He spent many years in India, where he had to deal



SURGEON LIEUT.-COLONEL MCFALL (SARAH GRAND'S HUSBAND).

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

with cholera. He was a widower with two sons when he married Madame Grand, one of the sons being the lady's senior.

Madame Voyer has created a greater sensation in London than any other palmist since Cheiro. Sceptics will say that it is the beauty of the palmist which creates the impression, but her remarkable gifts would make her sufficiently interesting were she as plain as she is pretty.

The little lady examines the lines of your hands, or looks in a crystal ball, and then begins to speak, and all your past and future life lies before you. She is specially clever about health, and gives excellent advice on this subject. When she becomes clairvoyant, she will put her hand on the very spot in her own body where you suffer pain in yours.



MADAME VOYER.

Photo by Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

She will tell you if you are lucky or not in your love-affairs or your business, and why. If she holds a letter in her hand, she will tell you about the writer and what you should reply. It seems that her clairvoyance is an inherited gift, which has come to her through three generations. She commenced her professional career at the age of twenty-one, and often sees as many as eleven hundred people in a month. It is not always the bright side of human nature that she sees—for example, she says that married men are always anxious to know when their wives are going to die. Madame Voyer may be consulted daily at 167, New Bond Street, or, by appointment, at her own home, 1, Vigo Street. She may also be engaged for evening parties. In conclusion, it may be mentioned that Madame Voyer is the richest of all the lady palmists, making a larger income than any other woman in the profession.

I should think the record of rapid dressmaking has been broken by M. Worth. Not only did he finish four most intricate costumes in fifteen hours, but in their magnificence he absolutely out-Worthed himself. This is how it all happened. Some weeks ago the Duse was to play at Monte Carlo, and found at the last moment that none of her gowns were worthy of appearing at that paradise of frocks. So she wired late one evening to Worth, "The day after to-morrow I am acting in the 'Dame aux Camélias.' I have simply nothing fit to wear. Can you let me have four dresses, one for each act? Mind, they must be as beautiful as you can possibly make them." This was rather a large order, for the journey from Paris to Monte Carlo alone occupies twenty hours, and, unfortunately, Edison has not yet found out how to send parcels by telegraph even when they are dresses for the most important occasions.

However, the great dressmaker set to work, and the whole house of Worth was ransacked from cellar to garret for its choicest brocades and cloths-of-gold. He created a marvellous ball-dress of white satin, encrusted with gold and pearl embroideries and sparkling with diamonds, with a long train smothered in priceless point d'Alençon. His young women sat up all through the night puckering and gathering into countless tucks and folds more than a hundred yards of white mousseline-de-soie for the gown which Marguerite Gautier was to wear in the death-scene. Probably poor Marguerite has never before drawn her last breath in such an ideal setting! And yet, in spite of the delirious hurry, everything was finished off as perfectly as if a month had been given to their preparation. In less than fifteen hours the four dresses were safely packed away in their big boxes and despatched to their fortunate owner. Happy Duse! What envy, hatred, and malice must have reigned in the hearts of some of her fair hearers that night!

WHEN TOMMY IS SICK.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

The Royal Military Hospital at Netley, visited by the Queen last Friday, was founded in 1857. It stands but a short distance from the old Abbey of Netley, which was founded in the time of Henry III., either by that monarch himself or by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, and dedicated to the Virgin and to Edward the Confessor. The abbey was colonised by the Cistercians, and was always a poor foundation, playing but an inconsiderable part in history. The Military Hospital stands on a rising ground eastward above Southampton Water. The building is in the decorated Italian style, of purple bricks and Portland stone, and its quarter-mile-long front looks particularly imposing, if not altogether beautiful, from the sea. The institution arose from the lack of hospital accommodation which became manifest after the Crimean War. The Netley building was accordingly designed and executed at a cost of about £500,000. It affords accommodation for a thousand patients, besides officers and attendants. The central part, which rises above the rest of the building, carries a domed campanile, and includes the operating theatre, the bath-rooms, the officers' quarters, and a library. The foundation-stone was laid by her Majesty in May 1856, and the hospital was opened in March 1863. It forms the headquarters and is the dépôt of the Army Medical Department. In connection with the institution is an establishment for the instruction of medical officers in special branches of their

profession, such as military sanitation and the like. A military Governor is in command. On her Majesty's visit last week she was received at the station by the Assistant-Adjutant-General Commanding, and at the north end of the hospital by the General Officer Commanding and the Chief Medical Officer and staff. She was conveyed in her chair through the hospital and visited the cots of the sick. Many of the men in hospital at present are sufferers from the Indian Frontier War. Access to the various storeys was by lift, an appliance which her Majesty does not greatly favour, but, in this case, it was the only means, the steep staircases of the hospital being quite impossible. Every precaution was taken to ensure smoothness and safety for her Majesty's going up and down.

The last visit paid by the Queen to Netley was in 1885, just after the reception of the wounded from the Egyptian Expedition. Her Majesty's first

visit to the hospital was in the year of the opening, taking place, indeed, two months after that event, in May 1863. It was on that occasion that the incident occurred which has now passed into stock anecdote, when a wounded man from India, who lay at the point of death, thanked God that he had been permitted to see her Majesty face to face. On this occasion her Majesty arrived at Netley at five minutes past twelve and departed at twenty minutes to two, her visit thus occupying about one hour and thirty-five minutes.



NETLEY HOSPITAL.



TOMMY AS A NURSE.



THE KITCHEN AT NETLEY.



ONE OF THE WARDS AT NETLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have described Colonel Du Paty de Clam as a nightmare; but, in truth, it is difficult to look into some of the Paris journals without discovering endless phantoms of dyspepsia. I used to know something of the writings of M. Saint-Genest, who was at that time a highly respectable publicist. There is a marked difference, which I hope you have observed, between the publicist and the mere *littérateur*. The one is grave, circumspect, a reasoner, and sometimes a virtuous bore; the other is flippant, inconsequent, a butterfly of impressionism. My recollection of M. Saint-Genest is that he was no butterfly, that his name was usually attached to articles of unquestionable solemnity. What do I find now? Here is M. Saint-Genest assuring the readers of the *Figaro* that, if he had the opportunity, he would not hesitate to make Captain Dreyfus "disappear." When your publicist encounters an obstacle, we expect him to overcome it by reason; but the amiable Saint-Genest is yearning for assassination! He does not care, he says, whether Dreyfus is innocent or guilty; it is enough that the agitation on behalf of the victim of the *Île du Diable* is a nuisance to the publicist and distracts the attention of Paris from his admirable compilations. If Dreyfus were "caten by sharks," what a blessed thing for France, for the "honour of the army," and for the peace and quiet of philosophers!

This reminds me, oddly enough, of Miss Braddon's latest prodigy of crime. In "Rough Justice," the villain is a philanthropist, a publicist, an M.P., a compendium of all the virtues which distribute wealth and wisdom for the benefit of the poor. Between him and a great fortune stands a friendless woman in abject misery, unconscious of her claims and of his existence. He discovers her dwelling and pursues her when she takes her evening walks. By dint of practice in the back-garden he has become very deft with a pistol, and he is about to shoot the lady in the open street, when a policeman shouts "Hi!" It is not the imminence of a tragedy which excites the policeman, but the extremely unprofessional simplicity of this apprentice to murder. So when the sergeant shouts "Hi!" it means "Oh, hang it all, you idiot, don't give yourself away like that! It's all against the rules of the game, and I shall have to cop you in the act!" Foiled for the moment, the philanthropist waylays the woman in a house and shoots her dead, escaping detection by the merest chance. Then he comes into the fortune, spends it liberally on the deserving, and defends himself against the accuser by asking why the life of a wretched and useless creature should weigh against his schemes of benevolence. In the same way, M. Saint-Genest asks why the life of Dreyfus should count in the balance with the tranquillity of a nation and the comfort of a publicist. Miss Braddon's villain is spared exposure, and continues to abound in good works; but if M. Saint-Genest were to proceed to the *Île du Diable* and shoot the prisoner there, he would be hailed as a national deliverer by the scum which calls itself patriotism and public spirit!

I suspect that Miss Braddon has a philosophical purpose in "Rough Justice." After sixty novels, philosophy must have come to her with all the refreshment of surprise; but she turns the belated visitor to ingenious account. The philanthropist, though his sincerity is beyond question, has no religious belief. He has only the religion of humanity, and that is obviously insufficient to prevent him from disguising himself in green goggles, dogging a poor victim who never did him harm, killing her with incredible disregard of risk, and throwing his weapon into a place where it is sure to be found. Mere benevolence, you perceive, does not serve to keep a man from crime; and a godless intellect will behave like softening of the brain! This must be comforting to many readers in country parsonages, who will see in it a wholesome warning against agnostics, even when they are distributing coals and blankets among the needy. You can never tell that one of them will not poison his maiden aunt in order to devote her investments to the building of almshouses on an improved plan of sanitation, in which his mind is so absorbed that he drops the prussic acid in his unfortunate relative's tea in full view of the parlour-maid, who has to say "Oh my!" quite loudly to recall him to a sense of his imprudence.

Let me supplement the vagaries of M. Saint-Genest with those of M. Napoléon Ney. What would you expect from a man with a name like that? The master mind of history allied with the "bravest of the brave" might well overweight an ordinary mortal of our prosaic times. Hence, no doubt, the exceeding meekness with which M. Napoléon Ney recounts in *Cosmopolis* a Russian tribute to the French character. "How superior the French are to their reputation!" exclaims this oracle. "In most families you find a degree of honour and virtue which

enables the French to support with advantage comparison with any other nation." This ineffable condescension of a Russian who is surprised to find the French people quite civilised does not move Napoléon Ney to anger, nor even to irony. He remarks, with sincere humility, that such an appreciation on the part of a stranger is indeed astonishing. It is an appreciation which has been offered many a time, with somewhat more delicate tact, by English visitors to France, without any acknowledgment; but when the sublime Russian announces that the French are not so bad as he thought them, Napoléon Ney sinks on his knees in thanksgiving! I wish the Russian eulogist, who may say anything and not be denounced for impertinent meddling, would hazard a little criticism. If he would condemn, for example, the monstrous influence of the *Petit Journal*, which has millions of readers for its pestilent lies, and its demand for an anti-Jewish dictatorship that would clap every intelligent Frenchman into prison, and expel all foreigners—Napoléon Ney might pluck up some of the spirit of his patronymic, and start a wholesome crusade for the education of French opinion.

I am still brooding over Du Paty de Clam, who is not a man, but a personified disease. No romancer in his wildest fantasy has ever evolved such a creature as this. Imagine a demented spy, with an original system both of psychology and physiology, let loose in a Government office to fasten his crazy suspicions where he pleases! It was he who dictated the incriminating document to Captain Dreyfus in a room of mirrors, so that he might catch the expression of that officer's face everywhere. Suspicious of a trap, and confronted by a madman, Dreyfus hesitated over one word. It was only for an instant; before and after that word his handwriting was perfectly firm. Was the hesitation regarded as a proof of guilt? No such thing. It was the immediate recovery of his victim's self-possession which satisfied this wondrous psychologist that he had found the culprit! But for that, he assured the secret tribunal, he would not have persisted in the accusation! Again, he is a student of the body as well as the mind. He believes that a guilty man betrays himself, when his legs are crossed, by the trembling of his feet! One night, when Dreyfus was asleep in his cell, the physiologist appeared, snatched the clothes from the bed, and beheld the feet of a traitor! Such were the ravings of Du Paty de Clam before the *conseil de guerre*; yet to doubt his intelligence is to cast a slur on the honour of the French army!

Another military prodigy is Colonel Henry, who told the court that he had known the traitor for some time, thanks to a clue which he could not precisely specify. Invited to be more explicit, he said the mystery belonged to a friend in whom he reposed the utmost confidence. When the accused demanded that this friend should be produced, the witness made this amazing answer: "Monsieur, I am an officer, and the *képi* of a soldier must not know what is in his head!" If you can imagine a British or a German officer in a court of justice exclaiming in reply to a question, "Sir, I am a soldier, and, when a soldier's helmet is on, his head is empty!" you will respect the military intellect of Colonel Henry. It does not follow that the officers of the Dreyfus court-martial must be judged by the brains of the Clams and the Henrys; but take the confession of one of them. He admitted to a colleague of Maître Demange (the counsel of Captain Dreyfus) that the court had found the prisoner guilty on a secret document not put in at the trial. Astounded by this revelation, the lawyer pointed out that such an act was contrary both to law and justice. "How can that be," said the officer, "when the document was shown to us by the Minister of War?" O the exquisite simplicity of military discipline! A man is tried and condemned on evidence he has never seen, because the tribunal thinks the Minister of War must be infallible, and the Minister is of the same opinion! This is the price France has to pay for her devotion to the army—the sacrifice of justice, reason, and even elementary sense.

In the trial of Zola this scandal is flagrant. The main charge he made against the military authorities was that they had broken the law by the condemnation of Dreyfus. To evade this they prosecuted him on a different issue, and every effort was made by the court to suppress evidence which touched the real accusation. The Dreyfus conviction was *la chose jugée*, and could not be reopened, although everybody knows that it was grossly illegal. This judicial attitude was worthy of the street-boys in the employ of Rochefort and Drumont. It shows that the highest sanctity in France is not law, but the *amour propre* of generals and colonels. I am not without hope that Zola has struck a deadly blow at this monstrous system; for Frenchmen cannot but reflect that their sons, while in the army, are removed from the protection of the laws, and left to the mercy of a maniac like Du Paty de Clam, a numskull like Colonel Henry, or a Minister of War who sends an innocent man to prison with a *lettre de cachet*.



MR. DAN LENO.

HORSES ON HOLIDAY.

Photographs by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

You walk for miles through half-country, half-suburb; you pass a deserted little station at the bottom of a hill, which Great Western trains do their best to ignore; you evade the substantial policeman,

of Rest for Horses, where the aged, the decrepit, and the overworked of the race forget the sorrows of the shaft and disport themselves for a season in a perfect Elysium of hay and clover.

You find them very quiet and contented, but they eye you a little anxiously as you pass down between the two long rows of loose-boxes, as with dim recollections of fares and family luggage. They munch on, all the same; you might imagine they had paid for their own board and



AN OLD PENSIONER IN THE HOME.

whose constabulary duties consist mainly in chatting with every affable passer-by; and, keeping the public-house on the other side, you tramp up the long hill through a good many inches of Acton mud. If you are merely a representative of *The Sketch*, with the critical faculties more or less developed, you will probably think it a tiresome journey. If, on the other hand, you are a cab-horse or a coster's donkey, it will have all the glamour of the road to Paradise. For there, at the top, stands the Home



MR. DAVIS, THE MANAGER OF THE HOME, AND HIS COB.

were determined to get full-value for their money. There are twenty-eight of them in all, of every sort and condition, from the Whitechapel pony to the charger who dreams of red coats and the roar of cannon. Some few have been there for years, and will probably end their days in the peace of Friars' Place Farm; but for most of them the happiness of Acton is but an episode. Six weeks is the usual "term of residence," because the Home is intended to be not so much an asylum for the aged



THE STABLES WITH THE PENSIONERS LOOKING OUT.

as a holiday resort for the invalid. As the regulations set forth, the first object is "to enable the poorer classes to procure, on moderate terms, rest and good treatment for animals that are failing not from age, but from continuous work, sickness, or accidental causes, and are likely to be benefited by a few weeks' rest and care." For such, which are admitted on presentation of a letter from a subscriber, a charge of half-a-crown

hundred a-year, and nearly all of them go out at the end of their time with years more of life in them. The boon, as may be imagined, is very great to poor people whose livelihood depends on the condition of their beast, especially as they can hire a substitute from the Home when their own animal is under treatment. Of course, a hundred cases a-year does not represent anything like the actual percentage of ailing horses on the

London streets, and some day, perhaps, we shall see the operations of the Home conducted on a scale commensurate with the state of things which it seeks to remedy. It costs one thousand pounds to endow a loose-box at the Home in perpetuity; but annual subscribers are entitled to a letter of admission for every pound subscribed.

It is as well that the secret of the joys of Acton are hid from the horses of the Metropolis, or there would inevitably be an alarming increase of equine ailments in December. Everyone who reads the papers knows about the New Year's dinner to the horses, through the munificence of some person unknown, and there are Christmas festivities on a similar scale.

R. B.

"ON A SUNSHINE HOLYDAY."

Very pleasantly written are the essays which "The Amateur Angler" has collected from the columns of the *Fishing Gazette* under the title "On a Sunshine Holyday" (Sampson Low). If an amateur with the rod, he is undoubtedly a clever one, for he can make a basket on South Country streams whose denizens are hardly less sophisticated than the Thames trout; he declares himself no naturalist, but he has the quick eye and observant mind which, with love of nature, go to make the best naturalist, and can describe what he sees both graphically and well. His book is none the less enjoyable because the chapters are disconnected: he begins with a genial chat about woodpeckers and vipers—an excellent drawing is that of the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker by Mr. Lodge, be it remarked—and thereafter he takes us to Hampstead Heath, Lowestoft, the banks of the Test and Itchen

when the May-fly is up, to Exmoor or the Doone Valley, varying these matters with discriminating critiques of books that appeal to his tastes. There is much variety for so small a book; but whithersoever the "A. A." goeth, or whatsoever he be moved to tell, his kindly spirit and genial nature shine through his pen and make his book one whose small size is not its strongest recommendation as a pocket-companion for a day's outing. The illustrations are not all worthy of their setting. Perhaps in a future edition this failing may be rectified, either by new pictures altogether or the omission of the present set.



AN OLD COSTER PONY RESCUED BY MISS HARDY.

a-week is made. "Old favourites," on the other hand, spend their declining years at an annual charge of twenty-six pounds.

What any reporter would call the "doyen" of the Home is certainly "Bones," sometimes familiarly called "Old Bones." "They called 'im 'Bones' in the Army," the attendant explains, "'cos 'e was so thin." He is thin no longer: indeed, what horse could be thin after three years—"Bones" went in in 1894—on that hilltop at Acton, with nothing to worry his head about but whether yesterday's quality of hay was not perhaps a trifle better than to-day's. "Bones" was in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, so that he has earned his rest.

Alas for the caprices of Fortune! "There's another charger along 'ere, sir," says the guide, as he moves along to a corner box. "'E's just been blistered. Only came in yesterday. 'E was a cab-horse, 'e was."

"And he goes back to it, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir—in six weeks. Quite a lot of cab-horses come from the Army. 'Old Bones,' you see, was bought by Miss Hardy and sent here, or he'd 'ave been the same."

And so poor old charger No. 2—he has not reached even the dignity of a name—may take you to King's Cross for the Easter holidays. He'll do it quicker than he could now.

From the other side, a coster's pony watched the new-comer with the indomitable placidity with which a coster's pony would watch a runaway steam-roller or an eruption of Vesuvius. As we crossed over, a gleam of stubbornness showed itself in his eye, as who should say, "I ain't a-going to come." But we reassured him. "You like this better than dragging vegetables about Whitechapel, old fellow?" Was it a neigh, or was it the equine language for "I b'lieve yer," that we heard as he turned on us the back of utter contentment?

The Home has induced a similar spirit of contentment in more than a thousand animals since it was started. It treats, on the average, about a



"BONES," AN OLD FAVOURITE OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.



MR. DUDLEY HARDY AND HIS DOGS.

THE HOME OF MRS. STEEL, THE NOVELIST.

The Anglo-Indian who comes home and builds a mansion has been known, even in this dull climate, to give it a northerly exposure. The Indian sun drives him into the opposite extreme of cold and shade. Dunlugas House, near Banff, has not a northerly exposure, nor is it specially cold, yet its woods and its sheltered situation on the banks of the Deveron Water must render it an agreeable retreat to its present lessee, Mr. H. W. Steel, a retired Indian civilian, better known as the husband of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the novelist of India.

The Steels' connection with Dunlugas, which began in 1892, renders this old house more than usually interesting. Yet, apart from their occupation of it, and the fact that Mrs. Steel has written her greatest romance there, the house, plain though it is in style, with the plainness of last century, has the usual interest which gathers round old manor-houses. If Dunlugas has not its ghost, it may have as good. Let it not, however, be imagined that Mrs. Steel's residence here is due to any romance connected with the old house. Her going there has been marked chiefly by a common-sense insistence on improvements sanitary and otherwise on the house. With Mrs. Steel no amount of romance or antiquity will palliate bad drains.

Only a small part of the house is of any great antiquity. We know, however, that early in the sixteenth century Dunlugas was in the hands of that branch of the Ogilvie family which was soon to receive a peerage under the title of (Lords) Banff. This peerage became extinct early this century, and, being Scottish, cannot as such be resuscitated. During the seventeenth century Dunlugas began its career as the home of literature, for Sir Thomas Urquhart, the famous "Tutor of Cromartie," occupied it. Sir Thomas, who introduced Rabelais to English readers (1653) was one of the quaintest quibblers who ever put pen to paper. His books had the most extraordinary titles, such as "The Trissotetics, or a Most Excellent Table for Resolving 'Triangles,'" which he published in London in 1645. He had a sort of Volapük scheme, called "Logopandecteiseon," which he wrote a great deal about. But the gem of his genius was entitled "Pantochronokanon," being the pedigree of the house of Urquhart "since the Creation to 1652." He himself claimed to be "by line the 143rd, by succession the 153rd, from Adam." He was knighted by Charles I., made prisoner at Worcester when fighting for Charles II., and died of immoderate laughter on hearing of the Restoration.

Dunlugas then passed into the hands of the Grants, represented by Sir Ludovick Grant, the son of the late Principal of Edinburgh University; while at the end of last century it came into the possession of William Leslie, a merchant of Christiansund. Leslie was a typical example of the Scot abroad, who, so soon as he makes a fortune, returns to his native country and buys a place. Leslie was succeeded by his nephew, Hans George Grøn, a Norwegian, who on his succession in 1810 became naturalised and assumed the Scotch name of Leslie. It was this Norwegian gentleman who built the wooden structure in the Dunlugas grounds known as the Norwegian House, so picturesquely situated to the south among the trees, and variously used as a summer-house, billiard-room, and now used by Mr. Steel as a gun-room. Here, also, Mr. Steel keeps his fishing-rods and tackle, for the fishing, particularly the trouting,



NORWEGIAN HOUSE AT DUNLUGAS.

Photo by Gammie, Turriff.

on the Deveron is magnificent and Mr. Steel is a keen angler. So, too, is Miss Steel, but the novelist does not affect the gentle art.

A gruesome story, which might afford Mrs. Steel material for a short tale or the groundwork of a novel in intervals of relaxation from her more peculiar field of Indian romance, surrounds this Hans Leslie's grave. When he died no will could be found, and for long it was thought that none had ever existed. His son, the last of the Leslies in Dunlugas, Captain Hans George, came into the estate. A daughter, who married Gordon McLeod, a law student in Edinburgh, had to rest satisfied with the one thousand pounds she had got from her father at marriage.

McLeod, however, got to hear his father-in-law had left a will, with a provision for his wife. He discovered that old Hans Leslie had given careful directions that a sealed packet should be placed in his arms and be buried with him. The grave was opened and a packet was found, after having lain seven years; but all that it contained when opened was a pair of slippers, the work of an old sweetheart. McLeod was not to be defeated. The draft of the will was got, and by a process in



DUNLUGAS HOUSE, TURRIFF, WHERE MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL LIVES.

Photo by Gammie, Turriff.

the Supreme Court of Scotland, called "proving the tenor," the will, though never found, was established, and he and his wife came into £12,000.

Captain Hans, whatever part he may have played in the matter of the lost will, died an unrespected sot. He had been a captain in the Indian Army, with a supreme faculty for obtaining sick leave, and was known to brag that for fourteen years' pay he had given fourteen weeks' service. From the trustees of this captain the house and estate came into the possession of the present owners, the Abercrombies of Forglen, who, strange to say, are the direct heirs of the original owners, the Ogilvies.

Like most successful writers, Mrs. Steel works systematically, and works hard. She rises usually about six o'clock, sometimes earlier. In her study upstairs, where she does nearly all her writing, she has beside her in a cage a very lively squirrel, caught in the Dunlugas Woods. She is very fond of her garden, and since she has been here she has had large additions made to the greenhouses, where she occasionally does writing. The most striking feature, however, of the house is the drawing-room, which is furnished complete in lovely Indian fashion. Mrs. Steel is not above her domestic duties. She is quite capable of showing an ignorant or careless servant how to cook a joint or scrub a pot. Her mornings and forenoons are invariably taken up with literary work, but the afternoon and evening often see her entertaining neighbours and visitors, for Dunlugas is hospitable. Just now Mrs. Steel is in Lucknow with her husband, and is working up the details of a new Indian romance. Her only child, Miss Mabel Steel, has been educated at St. Andrews University.

AFTER SUNDOWN, IN BRECONSHIRE.

Slowly, slowly darken
Primrose and pimpernel;
Ivy of the rock, ashake
On delicious air;
Slanted seas of spreading grass
(Green glow and tidal swell),

Under wind and pausing light how variably fair!

Larks from heaven descending
Hush; not a cloud-shadow
Where so late the romping lambs
Chased it, in a ring;
High along a little wood
Quick rain-sparkles go;

Bloreng walls the faëry world: a vast immortal thing.

April in Govilon
Filled with a bright heart-break;
Evenfall on dying wing
Swan-like and supreme!
Soon, unheard, the Hyades
Run up the hills to take

Seven lamps, and trail the seven all night in Isca stream.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

KING BLUEBEARD.

BY CLARA SAVILE CLARKE.

Years and years ago there lived a King and Queen in a strange, rocky country, where men worked underground in the dark mines, and blinked when they saw the bright sun, and suffered and toiled to gain the treasure which the earth had hidden, all this that the King might grow rich. The Queen was a vain woman who loved to be beautifully dressed, and, although she drove in her carriage among the poorer streets of the city, she glanced round her with no pity for the tired women and pale children, who came out of their wretched houses to see her pass.

One cold winter afternoon, she passed through a crowd of peasants in the market-place, with her rich furs drawn closely round her, and her stern face as calm and haughty as usual. As the carriage drove slowly, an old woman clad in rags came near and begged for charity, as she was starving. The Queen commanded the soldiers who rode beside her carriage to push her aside, and had forgotten the incident until she was returning, when the same old hag suddenly appeared, as if from the bottom of the earth, and cried loudly to the indignant Queen—

“A curse on your son, if an heir to the throne is given to you. He shall be known to all men by a blue beard, and his cruelty shall exceed your own. He shall wed many wives, and grow weary of them all, till he marries a princess with a magic ring, and dies like a dog, forgotten by his own people and regretted by none.”

The Queen ordered the soldiers to seize the woman and drag her to the castle. But when they searched she was nowhere to be found.

The Queen told no one what had happened, but when her son was born she watched him anxiously, and suffered secretly when the curse came true. His nurses could not manage him, and left after two weeks had passed. When he grew older, his tutors detested him, complained that he refused to study and threw his books at their heads. He tortured animals, killed the Queen's pet poodle, and cared for no one but himself. His chin was covered with hair long before other youths of his age, and, to the Queen's horror, it was a dark blue in colour. The Queen begged him to have it shaved off, and the first time he consented, laughing and vowing that it would grow again. He gave in to her wishes the second time, because it amused him to see her distress when it reappeared, thicker and more extraordinary than before. He was proud of it, and when the old King died, hating his own son, the Prince was called King Bluebeard, and was known by no other name.

His mother remained shut up in her own apartments, living to welcome one young wife, to marvel at her sudden disappearance, and to see a second in her place. Then she died, after confiding the secret she had kept so long to her son, who sneered at her story, but took care that none of his future wives wore any rings but those he gave them.

As time went on, and he taught his soldiers to be as brutal as himself, no other monarch dared to make war against him, or to refuse him their daughters, when he demanded their hand in marriage. He loved to tease and torture women by cruel words and deeds, but grew weary of them directly they learnt to suffer without protest.

People could no longer count the number of his wives. He chose them from palaces, from the houses of his courtiers, and from the homes of the poor. There was only one funeral, that of a poor peasant girl, who was on the eve of being married to her lover when the King sent for her, wed her himself, and learnt that his bride was dead three days later. Bluebeard was disgusted, and remained single for a short time; then the days grew monotonous with no one to worry and distress, so he recollected having heard that the King of the Hills had a beautiful, wilful daughter called Anne, and he set out to visit the country at once. A messenger rode quickly before him, to ask King Alfonso's hospitality for one night, and Alfonso promptly had a fit, and cried whenever he encountered his eldest daughter.

In due time Bluebeard arrived, and saw some young girls, who looked almost children, playing in the park outside the palace. They were all grave and silent as he passed, and one—with fair hair parted primly across her brow, and descending in two plaits in front tied with blue ribbons—glanced at him fearlessly, with eyes that could never have known pain and sorrow or reflected a cruel thought.

Then he entered the palace. Among a row of bowing courtiers there was a group of richly attired ladies, who looked anxiously towards the door. In the audience-chamber, where the old King received him, surrounded by the greatest men in his country, there was not a single woman to be seen. The King rose and stepped down from his throne with many polite speeches. Bluebeard replied in such a gruff voice that the monarch's knees shook, and he added timidly—

“Will you take the seat beside me? My wife is an invalid and rarely leaves her room. My daughter Anne”—he paused nervously—“is out riding with her brothers, or she would be here in her mother's place. We did not know the exact moment of your arrival—or—er—”. He stopped, and sank back on his throne without finishing the sentence.

Bluebeard threw himself into his seat, his sword clanking on the floor. As he did so, the Princess and her brothers returned. Her ladies-in-waiting ran to tell her that the guest had arrived, and to beg her to change her dress before she saw him.

Anne laughed and waved them away. Gathering up her long brown riding-habit at one side, showing a dainty green under-dress,

she entered the room, followed by her brothers and the whispering group of ladies.

Anne was very beautiful, she held herself like a queen, and spoke courteously to Bluebeard; but he hated her at once, and knew that she hated him. She drew aside, and stood talking to her brothers, after the Princes had also been presented; and then the bevy of young girls already mentioned came gravely into the great hall, and Bluebeard saw the little beauty he had noticed in the Park at their head.

“This is my youngest daughter, Fatima,” said the King. “She has just left school, and has some of her playmates staying with her now.”

They were all attired alike, in simple white dresses, with a rosette of colour where the soft silk folds met at the neck. Each had a little curl in the middle of her forehead, which gave a roguish denial to the demure expression on their soft young faces. The Princess alone wore her hair parted, and ending in the two plaits, which shone like gold.

Bluebeard talked to Fatima, and she answered shyly, but with quaint, childish dignity. When they all separated and the group of nobles drew near and surrounded the two Princesses, Bluebeard returned to his throne and told the horrified King that he intended to marry Fatima the next day. The wretched father pleaded her youth, her inexperience, in vain. The matter was settled before long. Fatima heard of it, and, as usual, obeyed her father, and thought a wedding would be most amusing.

Anne alone looked sad, and after dinner (when Bluebeard had sat next his little bride and made her laugh by telling her she was pretty, for no one had ever done so before), Anne drew the girl aside and said, “Do you know that this man has had many wives, and that, after a time, they have all disappeared?”

“Yes, but I'm not frightened. He's quite kind when he talks to me, and his blue beard is so funny! I don't mind it one bit. I'm grown up now, and when I am a Queen I shall make everyone do as I wish.”

The Princess bent lower, and put a little packet into Fatima's hand. “That is my wedding gift to you. Lock it away in some safe place, and never open it till you are in danger or trouble. Then read what I have written, and get some messenger you can trust to bring the jewel back to me.”

“I will go at once,” answered Fatima, “and lock it away in the box where I hid my favourite doll, when they told me I was too old to play with it any more. But why should I be in danger?”

Anne kissed her without replying; and the next day the grand wedding was celebrated, and the city gay with flags and beautiful flowers. Bluebeard led his wife through the streets. As she was leaving the church, an old woman in the crowd near the door whispered quickly—

“Remember your sister's gift. When the time comes I shall be near you.”

The bride started and drew closer to her husband. When she looked round afterwards the old woman was gone.

Two months later, Fatima sat alone in the room she loved best, of all the luxurious apartments in which so many Queens had wept and suffered.

Two months at the castle had taken the pink colour from her cheeks, and dimmed the brightness of her eyes. There was despair written on her patient face, and the glad, hopeful look of childhood, and faith in mankind, had gone. Bluebeard had brought his bride back alone, without ladies-in-waiting or maids to attend on her. The castle, save for the sentries surrounding the park, was peopled with children. Even her own maid was a small girl, who was dumb, and made horrid grimaces when the Queen spoke to her.

Bluebeard tired of his child-wife in a month. She obeyed him, was patient when he sneered, and she grumbled at nothing. There was no amusement in torturing a person who made no sign, and never even wept in his presence. At last, in search of some distraction, he arranged that a great review of all his troops should take place at a certain distance from the city. The horrid little boys (who soon learnt to be as cruel as himself) grinned when they heard the news. He was to be absent for a week, and everyone knew that when Bluebeard left the city, a wife disappeared soon after he returned. Only the soldiers at the gates were sorry. So, as Fatima gazed in the direction of her old home from the window, her maid rushed in and made frantic signs to indicate that the King was coming. Fatima took a seat in the middle of the room and waited, with her feet on a small stool, her hands folded, and her eyes cast down. Bluebeard pushed a small boy before him, who was staggering under the weight of a large key.

“I am going to the review,” shouted the King, “and shall be back in a week's time. Meanwhile, guard this key carefully; it belongs to a room you have never seen and must never see. If you open the door and disobey me, you enter it on my return, never to leave it again.”

“I will obey, my Lord,” answered the girl, and took the great key.

Without another word, the King left her, and she was alone in the great castle, save for her maid and a few other servants. She tied the key to her girdle. For three days she wandered in the garden, read and sewed, as usual, but always with the longing to discover the secret, and with the certainty that she would be forced to do so in the end. She had explored the whole castle, or imagined that she had done so, until

the fourth day; when she saw a curtain move suddenly in the large hall, and her maid appeared, asking for leave to spend the hot summer afternoon in the park with her fellow servants.

"Of course, you can all go," said the Queen. "But how did you come here just now?"

The small maid grimaced and nodded. Then she drew aside the curtain, and pointed to a secret door in the wall. Her mistress said nothing, but went quickly to her room and watched them disappear.



She then crept down, found the place, and a spring which, when pressed, caused the whole panel to revolve. Below was a flight of stairs, at the bottom a large door. She ran towards the latter, dragged the magic key from her waist, and entered a chamber, lighted from the roof, where there were a number of strange figures hanging from the walls, with patches of a deep brown colour at their feet. She turned to go back, and the full light shone on the ghastly distorted features, and on the thick brown blood on the floor. Then she understood, and her hair stood on end with fright, while the key dropped on the floor, as her fingers lost power to hold it. With gashed throats, Bluebeard's former Queens were suspended by a rope passed round their waists and fastened to enormous nails in the wall above.

For a few minutes she was motionless; then she rushed to the door, and suddenly remembered the key. It was terrible to go back, but she nerved herself to do it. Once safe in her own room, she grew calmer, till she noticed that the key was stained as if with blood, and she began to wash and scrub it till her arm ached.

Nothing took the stain away, and she sank into a chair near the window in despair. Her husband would discover what she had done, and she must share the fate of those dreadful creatures in the room below. There was no sound in the house, but outside an old woman was chattering to the soldiers at the gates, and her steps sounded afterwards on the gravel path beneath the window.

"Fatima!" said a voice.

She started, and then looked down. The old woman was calling to her softly, and her manner was excited and strange.

"You are in danger. Throw the packet your sister gave you down to me, and she shall have it to-night. Quick, if you want to be saved!"

The Queen rushed into the room, found the packet, and threw it down. Then she fainted, and woke to learn that her husband was returning at once, and that she must go and meet him. She changed her dress, numb with despair, and, taking the magic key in her hand,

went forth alone to meet her husband. He intended to return to the camp, where the review took place, next day, so had only one regiment to escort him to the city. He frowned as she approached. Her white attire, her neat hair, and downcast eyes were familiar; but she held the great key behind her, and with her other hand plucked at the folds of her dress.

"The key!" he demanded.

She raised her white face, and her blue eyes seemed to entreat his forgiveness; but she could not speak. There was no mercy in Bluebeard's face.

"The key!" he growled again, and the little heralds grinned.

She held it out, and the red glare of the summer sunset above was not so red as the mark of blood on the magic key.

The King glanced at it and smiled. "Come, walk by my side to the palace, my Queen. There is much to be done to-night."

He grasped her arm and forced her to walk with him, laughing at her faltering footsteps and agonised face.

When the Princess Anne arrived, later in the evening, she was told that the King was in his Council Chamber; and the Court jester added, shaking his bells in her face, "Come and see the fun. It's the trial of the Queen, you know. I will show you the way."

Bluebeard stood, with his arms folded, glaring downwards at a tumbled mass of white on the ground. "You have disobeyed me," he began, and at each point of his condemnation the figure on the ground sobbed out confirmation.

When he ended with the words, "For this you must die," the golden head was raised and Anne saw her sister's pale face and outstretched hand, as she prayed for mercy, and pleaded for pity.

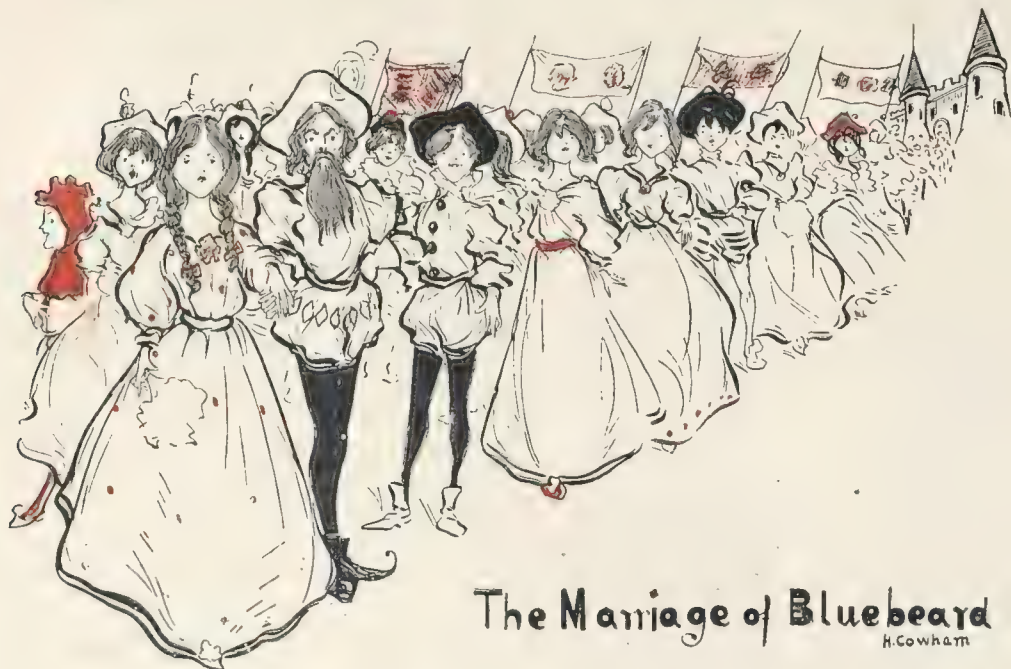
The Princess rushed forward, and threw her arms round the frail girl. She dragged her to her feet and held her firmly.

"Bear it like a Queen, my sister!" she cried. "It grieves me to see you on the ground at this man's feet. Face the coward, and face death, as a daughter of our house should do. Ask only that we may pass the night together in prayer, and beg for mercy from God alone."

Bluebeard was delighted that the haughty woman whom he hated should see her sister suffer, so he smiled at her indignant face with a sneer, and answered—

"Till sunrise to-morrow, most dear sister Anne, you may pray for your sister's soul. Your courage suits my own temper; 'tis a pity I did not wed you in place of this doll."





The Marriage of Bluebeard
H. Cowham

The Princess never took her eyes from his face, but her lip curled. He turned to Fatima with an angry frown.

"To your rooms now, and at once. Be gone both of you!"

They went slowly up the great staircase together, and sat down hand in hand in the Queen's bedroom.

Then Anne spoke, "The troops are all out of the city?"

"Save one regiment," said Fatima.

"Our brothers should be here before sunrise," added Anne. "There is still hope."

"Do you mean that they can save me?"

"Perhaps. They have men enough, and few to resist them here. The old witch kept her word."

"Do you mean the woman who took you the ring?"

"Yes, poor little Fatima! I will explain afterwards. Meanwhile, put it on your finger—it may save you somehow, even when all seems hopeless. Now kiss me, and kneel beside me and pray, for daylight will come all too quickly for us both."

With the first grey glimmer of dawn, Anne leant out of the window and gazed towards the road leading to the Kingdom of the Hills. Fatima crouched on the ground at her feet, and watched her sister's face.

"Sister Anne," she sobbed at last, "do you see anybody coming?"

"Nothing, save a cloud in the sky, which hangs over the city."

Later, the Queen asked again—

"Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"Only a cloud of dust, which comes nearer and nearer."

The Queen was silent for some time; then she spoke in a hushed voice, "Sister Anne, dear sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"A great army, and our brothers at its head. But they cannot arrive in time. Look!"

The sun rose, a bell tolled within the castle, and the door flew open.

Neither of the sisters spoke. They were led into the courtyard, and Fatima knelt down beside the block.

"Let me kiss her," cried Anne, anxious to delay the end as long as possible.

Her sister understood, and smiled hopelessly.

"The magic ring," whispered Anne as they embraced.

The Queen knelt again, but, as the executioner approached, she raised her hands towards her husband.

"The ring!" she cried; "you cannot kill me while I wear this ring!"

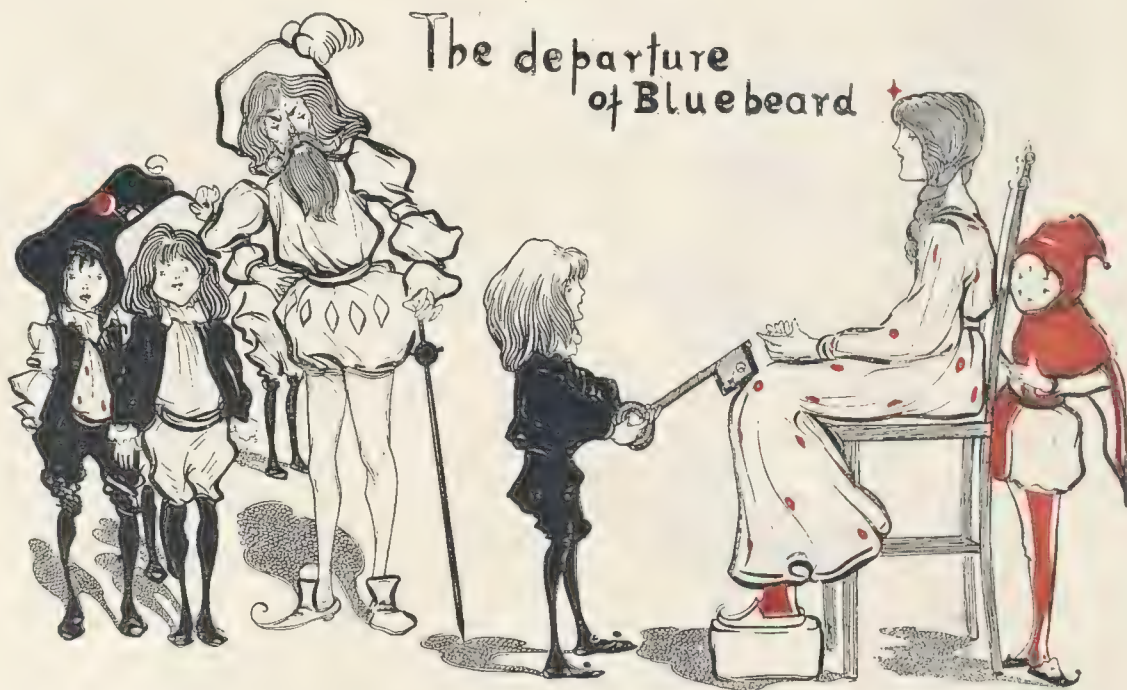
Bluebeard turned white. The old curse came back to his mind.

"Where did you get it?" he yelled. "No wife of mine wears rings."

"Give me time to tell you; it has a magic power—"

There was a great noise, a sound of voices raised in dispute, and then a cheer.

Bluebeard, green with terror and rage, yelled to the executioner not to delay. Before he could be obeyed, he was dragged backwards, and the courtyard was filled with soldiers.



The departure
of Bluebeard

Anne drew Fatima into her arms, as the Princes threw Bluebeard at her feet.

"What death for this dog?" they cried; "tell us what death!"

Anne bent forward, and looked at the wicked eyes and ghastly face above the blue beard.

"Cut his throat," she said; "then throw the dog among his starving bloodhounds, that they may tear him to pieces."

The chamber of horrors was pulled down, and its contents buried. The sweet, demure little lady known as Queen Fatima, and adored by her people, was once more a dainty bride, and a handsome young Prince walked by her side. Anne remained single until she discovered that both her brothers were in love; then she chose to annoy them by getting married first, and also by selecting a very youthful King as her husband.

"I am going to be King," she said; "he can be Queen. And, thank God, he hasn't got a blue beard!"

Which was true, for the young King had no hair on his face at all.

Fatima laughed, but drew closer to her husband. He took her little hand, and bent lower to see her blue eyes; they met his, and neither spoke. For they were very much in love, and intended to live happily ever after.



The Trial of the Queen

THE ART OF THE DAY.

ART NOTES.

An Exhibition of International Art is to be held this year at the Prince's Skating Club, an enterprise which is described as being altogether unique, and which has for its aim the annual display of contemporary art-work from every country of Europe. The Executive Council contains many names of great modern interest, including those of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Charles W. Furse, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, and Mr. Will Rothenstein. The scheme is regarded generally in the world of art as the most important departure in the London world of art since the founding of the Grosvenor Gallery now these many years ago. Eminent artists of many countries,

E. Piper, R.P.E., with an introduction and descriptive articles by Mr. John Lloyd Warden Page. Mr. Page has every qualification for his task. He is the author of "An Exploration of Dartmoor and its Antiquities," "An Exploration of Exmoor and the Hill Country of West Somerset," "The Rivers of Devon from Source to Sea," and other works closely connected with the volume in hand. Mr. Piper's etchings of the church towers, so far as they have gone at present, are very beautiful and picturesque. Of these towers—or, at any rate, of the most elaborate among them—Professor Freeman makes three chief classes. In the first class he places the most usual, though (as Mr. Page reminds us) not necessarily the most beautiful. This type, of which the two Taunton towers of St. Mary Magdalene and St. James are examples, exists principally in the southern and western parts of the county, and its



OPHELIA.—ERNST LAMBERT.
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

from France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, Spain, Norway, and Sweden, as well as from England and America, will be asked to exhibit, and it is felt by the organisers that the fact of the scheme being so cosmopolitan will prevent it from competing with any existing exhibitions, and, indeed, a comprehensive honorary council of the foremost American and European artists is now in course of formation. The gallery will be known as the "International Gallery," and its honorary secretary is Mr. Francis Howard. In spite, however, of the comforting conviction of Mr. Howard and his immediate associates in this admirable scheme that the new exhibition will not really compete with other galleries, it still remains clear that the singularly inclusive character of the scheme comes into rivalry with every gallery in London. Inasmuch as this or that gallery claims to exhibit English, French, German, Dutch, Spanish, or other pictures, so far the International Gallery stands as a competitor to these others. Its ambition is made clear and obvious, and if it succeeds there is no limit to what it may attain in the end. It may be trusted that success will attend the path of its career, but it may also be feared that the aim of the directors is exceedingly daring.

The first part has just been published by Messrs. Frost and Reed of a series of fifty-one etchings of the Church Towers of Somerset, by

characteristics consist in the greater number of the stages, the equal height of the pinnacles, and the combination of the staircase turret with double buttresses at all the corners.

In the second class are placed the churches of Bristol, and the distinction between these and the churches of the south and west lies principally in the more refined beauty of the stair-turret, which is usually crowned with a fine pinnacle, which runs, in some instances, even to a short steeple. Mr. Warden Page cites the turrets of Brislington, Winscombe, Banwell, and Cheddar as good examples of this pinnacle treatment. But the most beautiful towers belong to the third class, examples of which may be seen at Wrington, St. Cuthbert's, Wells, and St. John's, Glastonbury. In a word, the subject is a fascinating one, and Mr. Page and Mr. Piper between them seem well on the road towards producing a *locus classicus* of its kind which will be of interest to all lovers of noble architecture.

The Royal Photographic Society's exhibit of Mr. Ernst Lambert's study, "Ophelia," is reproduced in these pages. The tone and quality of the result are quite beyond reproach. The dramatic character of the picture is delightfully sincere.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,' AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



James Telfer (Mr. Athol Forde) was the heavy man of the stock company at the Bagnigge Wells Theatre in the early 'sixties.

Mr. Pinero's delightful play, dealing with the early 'sixties, which he calls a comediotta, was produced on Jan. 20, with this cast—

James Telfer	Mr. ATHOL FORDE.
Augustus Colpoys	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.
Ferdinand Gadd	Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Tom Wrench	Mr. PAUL ARTHUR.
Mrs. Telfer	Mrs. E. SAKER.
Avonia Bunn	Miss PATTIE BROWNE.
Rose Trelawny	Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.
Imogen Parrott	Miss HILDA SPONG.
O'Dwyer	Mr. RICHARD PURDON.
Members of the Company of the					Mr. VERNON.
Pantheon Theatre					Mr. FOSTER.
					Mr. MELTON.
					Miss BAIRD.
Hall-keeper at the Pantheon	Mr. W. H. QUINTON.
Vice-Chancellor Sir William	Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.
Gower, Kt.	Mr. JAMES ERSKINE.
Arthur Gower	Miss EVA WILLIAMS.
Clara De Fenix	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.
Miss Trafalgar Gower	Mr. SAM SOTHERN.
Captain De Fenix	Miss LE THIÈRE.
Mrs. Mossop	Mr. FRED THORNE.
Mr. Ablett	Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD.
Charles	Miss POLLY EMERY.
Sarah	

Act I. Mr. and Mrs. Telfer's lodgings at No. 2, Brydon Crescent, Clerkenwell. May.

Act II. At Sir William Gower's in Cavendish Square. June.

Act III. Again in Brydon Crescent. December.

Act IV. On the stage of the Pantheon Theatre. A few days later.

If anything were needed to illustrate the enormous difference between the personnels of players in the early 'sixties and the early 'nineties, it is the fact that the leading lady of the play, Miss Vanbrugh, is the daughter of a (late) Prebendary of the Church, while the hero, "Mr. James Erskine," is a real live earl. Then we have the sons of men conspicuous in the 'sixties—Mr. Dion Boucicault, whose father charmed another generation with "The Colleen Bawn," while the murderer in that thrilling drama was brought to justice by the grandfather of Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, who appears as the butler in Sir William Gower's (Mr. Dion Boucicault's) house. Mr. Sam Sothorn is the son of "Lord Dundreary," and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier the son of the creator of "Trilby."



Telfer's wife, Miss Violet Sylvester (Mrs. Saker), a regular tragedy queen, gave a lunch in their lodgings as a send-off to Miss Trelawny, and got the greengrocer (Mr. Fred Thorne) in to wait.



Imogen Parrott (Miss Hilda Spong), who had graduated at the "Wells" and risen to the giddy heights of the Olympic Theatre, descended to patronise the party with her proud presence.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Miss Parrott congratulated "the Trelawny" (Miss Irene Vanbrugh), who was going to marry the Vice-Chancellor's grandson, and for whom the lunch was given.



Avonia Bunn (Miss Pattie Browne), a kind-hearted little soul and the comedienne of the "Wells," also came to the party.



This was the sort of costume in which the bounteous Bunn used to figure in burlesque.



Mr. Arthur Gower (Mr. James Erskine) was the happy young swell who wished to marry "the Trelawny."

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W



Trelawny was taken on trial to live in the Vice-Chancellor's (her fiancé's grandfather's) house in Cavendish Square. It bored her to death.



The Vice-Chancellor dominated everybody under his roof, even his granddaughter (Miss Eva Williams), though she was a married woman.



Every evening the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. Dion Boucicault) used to play whist with his sister Trafalgar (Miss Isabel Bateman), his granddaughter, and her husband, Captain De Fenix (Mr. Sam Sothern).

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Trelawny was visited in Cavendish Square one evening after the house had gone to bed by her old comrades, Miss Bunn, who had meantime married a young tragedian, Gadd (Mr. Du Maurier), and they brought Tom Wrench, the utility man. Colpoys, the low comedian, quarrelled with Gadd in the drawing-room.



The Vice-Chancellor was roused by the row, and came down to denounce the "Gipsies," whereon "the Trelawny" declared she would leave Belgravia and go back to Bohemia.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" AT THE COURT THEATRE

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W



But when she did go back poor Trelawny couldn't act. Her broken heart, the native touch of the lady in her, had ruined her Gipsy art, and she was cashiered. And trouble came to her colleagues, for Gadd grew angry when the manager offered him the part of a pantomime demon.



On reflection, however, he did not think it so bad; so he announced to the manager's minion, Colpoys (Mr. Robson), who had brought the part, that he would play it.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Imogen Parrott resolved to produce Tom Wrench's comedy, called "Life."

And gave one of the parts in it to Trelawny.



The Vice-Chancellor, who financed "Life," came to a rehearsal at the Pantheon Theatre, and was shocked to see his grandson turned actor, and actually taking part in the piece—through Wrench's intervention. But of course everything ended happily, as a comedietta should.

"GOOD MORROW! 'TIS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY."

Or rather, to be quite exact, it *was* St. Valentine's Day on Monday last. But what cares this bicycle-riding, bustling, unsentimental generation of New Women and up-to-date men about the priest of Rome after whom the festival day was named, or about the tender missives, gifts, and messages which occupied our grandfathers and grandmothers, nay, even our fathers and mothers, a couple of hundred years and more after the unfortunate Ophelia had warbled on the subject. The first quarter of this fast vanishing century was probably the palmiest period of the valentine, and Charles Lamb greets the arrival of the day sacred to it with a "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between!" Charles Lamb may have been a true prophet with regard to the popularity of roast pork; but, alas! what has become of the "Immortal Go-between"? He is fallen into decay indeed, and it seems quite possible that the last year of the nineteenth century may see not a single valentine in the shop-windows. In 1825, a writer declares that on St. Valentine's Day "two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual average passed through the twopenny Post Office in London." Remembering the size of London and the comparative meagreness of the postal arrangements, that was an enormous increase in one day's epistles, and, had the popularity of the old bishop's festival increased in proportion to the population, even our great new buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grand would surely have been buried on Feb. 14 in a perfect shower of tender missives.

In the 'fifties and 'sixties St. Valentine still held considerable sway; hearts, darts, and Cupids, altars all aflame with the sacred fire of love,



AN OLD-FASHIONED VALENTINE.

churchyard paths with loving pairs pacing towards the tiny fane in the distance, "Venus doves in couples flying"—all such emblems of the tender passion, beautifully surrounded with lace, and backed with satin, were despatched in vast numbers from one sex to the other. But our manners and customs have ceased to harmonise with the sentiment that evoked such a valentine (a genuine production of the 'thirties) as is here reproduced. The valentine is as dead as the dodo! Peace to its ashes.

ST. VALENTINE AND CUPID (UP TO DATE).

Oh, what it is to be a Saint! and such a Saint as I!
I thought to pass away in peace, and to the world to die.
But Cupid (little rascal!) comes and flaps his tiny wings.
"Saint Valentine! Saint Valentine!" so plaintively he sings,
"The fourteenth day of Februa is drawing nigh, you know,
Do be a dear old Saint, and tell my Love I love her so."
He had such winning little ways—that idle little god!
Against my will I smiled at him, and answered with a nod.
"My time is nearly over, and young love has nigh forgot,
To bid me use my power in making his a happy lot.
Still, I will help you, Cupid: only tell me first, her name?"
His sunny face grew solemn, and he drooped his head with shame.

"That is the trouble, gentle Saint; I do not know myself!
There are so many Darlings," said the wicked little Elf.
"There are maidens fair as lilies, there are maidens black and tan,
And to say which is the sweetest is too much for any man!
So perhaps, my good St. Valentine, I will not choose at all,
If you will kindly tell them, that I love them
ONE AND ALL."

J. G. LONGE.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD.

Apart from his professorial duties in the Chair of English Language and Literature at the University College of Aberystwyth, Professor Herford is an interesting literary personality, on account of his brilliant metrical translation of Ibsen's "Brand" and his critical contributions to the *Bookman* and other publications. The other day (writes a *Sketch* representative), I had the privilege of a conversation with Mr. Herford on the subject of the Welsh University, which in a few short years has managed to obtain for itself so honourable a position among the universities of the world. It consists of the three Colleges of Aberystwyth, Cardiff, and Bangor, of which the first-named, albeit the senior one, has experienced by far the harder struggle for existence.



PROFESSOR HERFORD.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Founded, as Mr. Herford expressed it to me, by "a few Welshmen anxious for the higher education of their country," the University College of Aberystwyth had very slight beginnings indeed.

"But what might you mean precisely by 'very small beginnings'?"

"Well, after some ten or twelve years' existence, Aberystwyth College could only boast less than a hundred students. I don't deny," continued Professor Herford, "that as time progressed the Welsh people took a more lively interest in the movement for a native University, and several handsome donations were made. But in 1885 the work of thirteen years was seriously hazarded by the destruction of the college buildings by fire."

"Was the work of the University College carried on without delay?"

"For the next three years it was carried on in the biggest of the local hotels. But the fire was in some sense a twofold calamity, as meanwhile the two other Welsh colleges, Bangor and Cardiff, had come into being, and their rivalry was such that they refused at first to recognise Aberystwyth. The double blow all but killed our college, when, as fortune would have it, public spirit in the Principality was aroused by our ill-luck, and native enthusiasm and kindly effort carried the day. Still, for a little while the actual existence of the college as such was in jeopardy."

"When did the Welsh University come into existence?"

"In 1893, its three colleges being analogous to those of the Victoria University at Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool. What was virtually its ceremonial inauguration took place with great *éclat* (in the June of 1896), under the auspices of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone."

"Will you mention any circumstances which have contributed to the success of your college, Mr. Herford?"

"The expense attendant upon studying at Aberystwyth is so slight compared with Oxford and Cambridge that I have heard Oxford men say it would be far better for such as go to either of those Universities for economy's sake as "unattached" students to go to one of the Welsh colleges. Why? Because at Oxford or Cambridge the unattached student must live an isolated life, whereas here we pride ourselves upon a healthy social life in a place of great natural beauty. It is very pleasing to us to find that old students re-

visit the college in great numbers."

"How many students do you number at Aberystwyth now?"

"Nearly four hundred, including a hundred and seventy ladies, the latter all living together in a beautiful building, lately added, facing the sea." Among the most noteworthy



THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF ABERYSTWYTH.

Photo by Gyde, Aberystwyth.

members of the Aberystwyth professoriate are Dr. Hermann Ethé, who professes Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit (which are all taught here); Professor Ainsworth Davies, who professes biology; and Professor E. Anwyl, who professes the Welsh language. The staff now includes two ladies, one of these being Miss Geraldine Hodgson, of Newnham, who is Assistant Lecturer in English."



MISS VALENTINE.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Ah! my pore ole Jim was always mighty good to me; with all the beatin's 'e gimme, 'e never 'it me where the marks would show, so as the neighbours could see 'em."

CONCERNING SEALS AND SEA-LIONS.

Since the outcry against the cruelties in some cases resorted to by animal-trainers, there has been a sort of lull, and London has not been startled by anything out of the ordinary run of shows of this kind. A few nights ago I saw a performance by seals and sea-lions at the Canterbury Music Hall that struck me as being far and away cleverer than any entertainment of that description hitherto introduced to us. They are trained by Captain Woodward, and I have since persuaded him to tell me exactly "how it is done." This gentleman, a Canadian, has been training these animals for the last twelve years, not, of course, the particular half-dozen he is using now, but these and others that have retired from active service. There is one way and one way only to

persuade a seal or sea-lion to perform a particular trick, and that is to let it thoroughly understand that it will thereby earn an extra dainty mouthful of fish, which latter practically forms its sole food. When one of them is not quite in the best of health, loss of appetite is the first symptom, and, as a natural consequence, the invalid enjoys a rest from work, for, the desire for fish having vanished, there is no inducement for the animal to go through his or her performance. Anything in the nature of a blow with a stick or cut with a whip would cause an instant strike on the part of the punished creature and put a stop to its education for many days; so that we can watch the show without the fear that it is only through suffering that such marvellous results are obtained. The nose is the most sensitive part of their body, and a comparatively slight blow on that organ with an ordinary walking-stick is sufficient to stun them. A really heavy one would in all probability kill the animal outright. The trainer must possess a fund of patience far

greater than that of the ordinary individual, for the memory of the seal is but a short one, and two and three full rehearsals are necessary every day, in addition to the evening performance. I was privileged to see the troupe after they had finished work for the day, and were receiving the second part of their supper, the first part being earned on the stage a few minutes previously. I soon discovered that, even after years of captivity, in many instances, they are far from being the meek and harmless animals they look. I put my hand out to one of them, but took it back again pretty quickly. They are very much afraid of human beings, and resent advances from strangers. They reminded me of nothing more than the ordinary British bulldog. The head, the teeth, and the extraordinary growl are remarkably similar.

The movements of seals in water, as most of us have seen, are very rapid and graceful. On land they are very different. The body is contracted by an upward bending of the spine, and so thrown forward by a series of jerks, and they manage to cover the ground far from slowly

in this way. One of the chief peculiarities of the seal is the flexibility of the spine. A strange habit when wild is the swallowing of large stones without any apparent reason for so doing. Another point of interest is the fact that they only respire about every two minutes, and a seal has been known to stay under water for twenty-five minutes at a time. They are particularly fond of music. Captain Woodward's troupe perform some excellent tricks, which I will endeavour to describe, though such a show wants seeing for oneself. The mere saying that you can see a seal smoking and, to all appearances, enjoying a cigar, gives no idea whatever of the comicality of the sight. They form an orchestra consisting of a xylophone, large and small drums, a banjo, played actually with the five toes, and a big trumpet. They all work at this item with right goodwill, and the combination proves one of the funniest sights that London has been treated to for many a long day. Their

singing is peculiar and not exactly musical. They finish up by throwing flaring torches about with their mouths, catching them as they twist and fall, only to throw them up again, until the curtain drops on the conclusion of a feat it has taken Captain Woodward many months' patient hard work to teach his amphibious pupils. Altogether, something novel in the way of animal-training, and a show that will amply repay the money and the time spent in going to see it.



THE SEAL AS A "CORNER MAN."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

A SINGULAR CRAVING.

One has often wondered when anybody would write a word of common sense on the reiterated craving of Army doctors for military titles; some Army doctors, one should say, for there are many who still prefer to be called plain "Doctor" even to high-sounding "Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel." The sensible word comes at last in rather an unexpected quarter, *Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes* to wit.

In the February number, "Sanitas" signs a few pages of racy good sense on the subject. He points out that the agitation for sham military rank has grown up since the Army Medical Department ceased to attract men of good social standing; it "was the outcome of the gradual leavening by a lower class of medical student (chiefly recruited from Ireland) which has been going on for some years." These, attributing to their want of Army rank the disabilities which were really due to their want of breeding, clamoured for distinctive titles which, to say the least, are not descriptive of their great profession. When you think of it, there is something almost grotesquely incongruous in describing men whose business is to save life by the titles of those whose business is to take it; for the newly labelled medico of a certain stamp sinks his profession as far as he can, and calls himself "Colonel John Smith, A.M.D." Why not Chaplain-Major Jones and Chaplain-Colonel Tomkins for the ecclesiastical staff? These titles would be quite as reasonable as those of the doctors.

PERFORMING SEALS AT THE CANTERBURY.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



"HANS BREITMANN GAVE A BARTY."



A LESSON IN MANNERS.

IS LOTI A MAHOMETAN?

Has the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" embraced Mahometanism? Such is the question suggested by the portrait familiar to "boulevardiers" in Paris and by the accounts of his sumptuous mosque at Rochefort. Frenchmen seldom change their religion. Whenever they do so, Islam seems to be particularly attractive. The first Napoleon, when in Egypt, sedulously attended the Muezzin's call to prayers, putting on native dress and going through obligatory ceremonial as to the manner born ("L'Armée Française en Egypte." Par H. Gulli. Paris, 1883). General Menou, placed at the head of the army after Kléber's death, was not to be outdone. In the presence of his soldiers, he solemnly abjured Christianity in favour of Mahometanism, taking the name of Abdallah. The conversion of Dr. Grenier, Deputy for Dôle, is matter of contemporary gossip. A more engaging figure than any of the foregoing is M. Pierre Loti, and his attitude towards the Koran may well occupy attention.

A writer in a recent number of the *Revue de Bordeaux* has some interesting pages on this subject. Of all our living authors, he says,



PIERRE LOTI'S MOSQUE AT ROCHEFORT.

Photographs by Tarbagayre

Pierre Loti is the most religious, the most spiritual-minded. In his "Roman d'un Enfant," we learn that his first notion of a career was the pastorate. It seemed to him a duty thus to devote himself. As he grew older the coldness of Protestant worship checked his ardour. No sooner did he set forth in the East than enthusiasm of wholly different kind filled his soul. In the words of the writer just cited, "Islam was seen in full splendour under an ideal heaven. Here was the unknown, an unknown that smiled upon him. Far from Europe, having quitted its conventionalities, formalism, and social codes, he was free to live the life of the Oriental." We learn that, dressed *à la Turque*, in company of a boon companion, a native, he would spend hours before a café thinking of nothing.

The fascination of Islam was not to be shaken off. In the maternal home at Rochefort, M. Loti has since built a lovely little mosque sanctuary never penetrated by a stranger, religiously kept for the novelist and his solitary musings. How many of his harassed brethren of the quill would welcome such a retreat! The very notion renders one morose from sheer envy.

In silent reverie, wearing turban and burnouse, the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" spends hour after hour, his mosque to the rest of the household being a very "holy of holies." His admirer of the *Revue de Bordeaux* hints at inner struggles, at recurrent dissatisfaction with the Koran; he hopes and believes that the glamour cast over Loti's imagination by Eastern surroundings will gradually vanish, and that ultimately he will return to his childhood's faith "Mahomet, oh master," writes the fervent disciple of the romancer, "has nursed your restless youth with voluptuous dreams. On the threshold of life's autumn Christ's teaching will bring peace."

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M. B.-E.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The ways of the dramatic critic, like those of the transgressor, are hard. One distinguished member of the craft has been, temporarily at least, frightened out of his place by general uproar because he imprudently exercised the right of criticising the morals of actors and actresses—a right which he obviously possessed in common with all other British subjects. And now an almost equally distinguished member has been assailed because he has declared his admiration of certain minor poets—and in so doing exercised a right which all British subjects clearly possess, though comparatively few care to assert it. Yet the literary critics seem to think that Mr. William Archer has been poaching on their preserves, and that he has rushed in where angels—or *Non angeli sed Langelli*—have repented treading.

But to those who have been minor poets themselves—and who among educated men born in the latter half of this century has failed to be a minor poet of some sort?—the fact that perhaps the most serious of our dramatic critics considers the minor poetry of the day sufficiently excellent to command his services as an admiring exponent is a great and sweet consolation. Whether Mr. Archer has made the best selection may reasonably be doubted. The one salient characteristic of the post-Tennysonian, and still more of the post-Swinburnian verse, of the age is its musical quality. Now, for the full appreciation of the technical beauty of lyric verse an ear for music is wanted—an ear that can detect and distinguish the beauties of words in their sound and rhythm. An ear for music, as Mr. Archer has often assured his readers, he does not possess, and his appreciation of the subtle harmonies of verse must of necessity be imperfect. Now, it is precisely the technical perfection of lyrics resulting from the example of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats that marks the eminence of Tennyson, and to his exquisite if sometimes over-elaborated felicity of phrase has been added the extraordinary exactitude of rhyme and mastery of metre of Swinburne. Our general level of minor verse is distinctly and markedly higher in technical accomplishment than at any previous age of our literary history.

Swinburne, indeed, effected a revolution in the technique of English verse comparable to that caused by Wagner in the realm of music. No minor poet of the present could fail to find somewhere in his portfolio a copy of verses written under the first shock of "Dolores." That first fiery volume of "Poems and Ballads" may have done some damage to juvenile morals, though I doubt it largely; it certainly rendered the lower levels of bad verse inaccessible to most of our future verse-writers. Sheer bad verse is almost confined to the few who write to order; in fact, it might be called, in the language of chess, the 'Three Knights' Game.

But if the admirations of Mr. Archer, and his omissions, may be fairly questioned by a competent literary judge, all optimists owe him a debt of gratitude not to be measured by words. Here is a severely impartial critic of the drama, whose rigid theories often overmaster the native kindness of his disposition, whose favourite standards are taken from that North which is certainly "dark," possibly "true," but very much the reverse of "tender." If any man should be a pessimist, withering the futile flowers of poetry with his bitter breath, this critic should be the man. We have seen how the study of the stage has embittered a naturally genial brother of his craft to assail the lofty morality of our players and to hint cynically that melodramatic heroines and others are less virtuous off the boards than Mrs. Grundy or Mr. Redford would have them when facing the footlights. But lo! instead of cursing the minor bards, Mr. Archer has suspended for awhile his occupation of flogging a dead Norse to bless them altogether—or to a great extent.

This is very beautiful, very tender, very delightful. To find a world-worn critic capable of enthusiasm over anything is in itself refreshing; to find that the enthusiasm is about minor poetry, or poetry at all, is more exquisite still. To most of us, the magic of cunningly woven words tends to lose its overmastering spell. As a schoolboy, I remember the revelation of Swinburne and Rossetti—the heady exhilaration of the rushing syllables and bubbling alliterations of the first, the languorous enchantment of the intricate music of the second.

This is the experience of most men; and while it is partly owing to their absorption in material interests, it is also largely due to a juster appreciation of the relative importance of things. Most of us realise that art is a smaller part of life than we have thought; that it is chiefly interesting as an index to larger matters. Further, while we remain able to appreciate the achievements of art, we no longer become rapturous over fine work, or what we believe to be such, or indignant and even savagely denunciatory against bad work. Gautier's enthusiasts of "Les Jeunes-France" denied the existence of Providence, because the author of a bad "classical" piece was not struck by lightning; grown older, they learnt to recognise that they, too, were but a fashion, and that it mattered little to the world what became of their verses. As a critic ages, he usually becomes more tolerant and less prone to praise or blame. Even log-rolling becomes vapid, and a literary brotherhood is almost bound to break up when its members reach the age of forty. The pretence of admiration for one another's works becomes a physical impossibility. Only one has kept his youthful enthusiasms and added to them; surely he is worthy to be hailed as the *Magnus Apollo* of the Minor Muses—the Archer, eternally youthful.

MARMITON.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Is Shakspeare in the ascendant? What with "Julius Cæsar" at Her Majesty's and "Much Ado About Nothing" at the St. James's, it would seem as if the tide was turning in favour of the legitimate. Even the provinces have joined in the upward movement, for "Macbeth" has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, with success. The acting edition adopted by Charles Kean for his revival of the tragedy at the Princess's Theatre, London, in 1853 was adhered to. The scenery was specially painted, and Locke's music, so long associated with productions of "Macbeth," was discarded for an entirely new musical setting, composed by Mr. T. Yorke Sheffield. Mr. William Mollison's elocutionary methods suited the part of Macbeth admirably; while Miss Achurch's Lady Macbeth was intense and emotional. Mr. George F. Black was Macduff, and Mr. John Wainwright was Duncan.

The gaiety of Oxford, always in evidence despite the ponderosity of its journalists, was materially increased the other day by an interesting *olla podrida* performance in the Randolph Assembly Room. In "A Study in Femininity," by Mr. Nigel Playfair (the son of the Doctor), Miss Rachel Daniel (a daughter of the Bursar of Worcester College) and Miss Molly Hare (a daughter of the lessee of the Globe Theatre) appeared. Miss Daniel played with delightful spirit, and Miss Hare's American accent was exceptionally convincing. "The Toy Shop," by Messrs. Paul Rubens and Nigel Playfair, with music by Messrs. Paul and Walter Rubens, was a great success. Miss Dorothy Kendal-Grimston (Mrs. Kendal's daughter) figured as Baby Bijou, Miss Audrey Playfair was amusing as Madame Poisson, and Miss Molly Hare looked charming as Hokee Pokee San.

Miss Rubens, as Phyllis, repeated the success which she had already scored in "A Commission," the second item on the programme. Mr. Nigel Playfair himself played cleverly as Sambo, and his collaborateur, Mr. Paul Rubens, masqueraded as Snoodle with capital effect. Miss Ella Priestley played the little girl very naturally, and Mrs. Kendal charmed everyone with her readings.

One reason, probably, for the retirement in the course of this summer of Mr. Edward Compton from the toils of touring management is that he will be concerned with Mr. Milton Bode, another provincial entrepreneur, in the direction of the transformed Colosseum at Dalston, which will be reopened about August Bank Holiday as the Dalston Theatre. I note also the announcement of yet another suburban play-house, at Rotherhithe, which is, rather inconsequently, to be called the Terriss Theatre, because the site was secured by the late Mr. William Terriss. The locality seems to have but slight association with the murdered "star" of the Adelphi.

Apropos of the "diamond jubilee" of Sir Henry Irving, I may note that the house in Keinton, or Keinton-Mandeville, Somersetshire, is in good condition, though it presents, with its grey colour and arched doorway, nothing to attract the artistic eye. There are large stone-quarries at Keinton, and consequently the houses have an enduring, weather-resisting appearance. The proximity of the village to Glastonbury, with its fine Abbey, makes it a fit birthplace for the actor whose not least striking impersonations have been the great ecclesiastical protagonists—Becket and Wolsey. By-and-by, as a railway is about to be constructed, Sir Henry's birthplace—the house converted into a museum of objects and relics of Irvingite interest—will be numbered among the numerous shrines in the county to which pilgrims from far and near come to pay homage.



MISS ACHURCH AS LADY MACBETH AND MR. MOLLISON AS MACBETH.
Photo by Guttenberg, Manchester.

Miss Daniel. Miss Playfair. Miss Hare. Mr. N. Playfair.

Mrs. Kendal.

Miss Kendal-Grimston.

Miss Rubens.

Mr. H. Rubens.



Mr. P. A. Rubens.

Mr. W. Rubens.

Mr. A. N. Taylor.

Miss Priestley.

PLAYERS AT OXFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SOAME, OXFORD.

THE IRON DUKE.*

There are certain subjects which never pall upon the reader, and Wellington is conspicuously one of these—he, “the hero of a hundred fights, who never lost an English gun”—the hero, like Nelson, not of



WELLINGTON'S WIFE (née THE HON. CATHERINE PAKENHAM).
From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

glory, but of duty. Many are the biographies which have been written about the victor of Waterloo—biographies of which the quintessence has been so beautifully expressed in Tennyson's ode on the death of the great Duke—but Major Arthur Griffiths thinks that there was justification for still another, and, on the whole, he has made good his claim to be an up-to-date elucidator of the Duke's character. Major Griffiths does not pretend to have discovered and marshalled any new facts about the Duke's career, and, indeed, it is plain that he has not troubled himself much with original research. Napier's immortal history and the Duke's own despatches and letters have evidently formed the principal mine of his material, and a very considerable portion of his work consists of quotations from these and other sources. In fact, there is a good deal of the book-making element in the Major's volume, but it is never of a dull or uninteresting kind—how, indeed, could it be so with such a theme?—and it may be said that he has performed his task in a very artistic and satisfactory manner. His biography is more in the nature of a characterisation than of a record, and it has at least this supreme merit, that it never makes us lose sight of the personality of the Duke himself amid the tangle of military events in which he moved. At the same time, Major Griffiths took up his pen with a special object, and his book is in the nature of a counterblast. “It is not too much to advance,” he says, “that for some years past the Duke's reputation has been under partial eclipse. The least admirable traits in his character have been unduly emphasised; we are told he was harsh, unsympathetic, ungrateful; taking all to his own credit, passing on little praise and fame to those who chiefly helped him to his great successes. I have now essayed, anxiously, if imperfectly, to combat this narrow and unfair view, to give, as I believe, a more faithful picture of the man, based upon his achievements.” Yes; Major Griffiths has tried to do that, but only, we fear, with partial success. The truth is that the Iron Duke, like every other great man, had the defects of his qualities, and that there were certain elements in his character which made him more feared and respected than loved by his subordinates and soldiers. One story told by Major Griffiths may be quoted in this respect—

Wellington is thought to have never been partial to artillery, or to have sufficiently acknowledged the support it gave him. It was a great grievance with the horse artillery that its services were not mentioned in the Waterloo despatch. Cavalier Mercer in his journal complains that his magnificent battery had hardly a word of commendation from the Duke, though it was all but destroyed during the action. We have also the story of the rockets with Whinyates' battery. The Duke did not believe in rockets much and ordered that the tubes should be left behind at the base. When Sir George Wood pleaded hard, saying it would break Whinyates' heart to lose his rockets, the Duke is reported to have angrily replied, “D—n his heart! let my orders be obeyed!”

That Wellington was capable of signal acts of generosity, kindness, and tenderness—witness his tears of sorrow, of anguish, on the evening of Waterloo—only proves that these qualities could coexist in his breast with the utmost harshness, coldness, and aloofness towards all those, officers and men, who won his battles for him. But if, in treating of the personal as apart from the military characteristics of his hero, Major Griffiths has, perhaps, proved more of an expositor than an apologist, he, on the other hand, has brought out with admirable clearness the Herculean strength of the Duke in wrestling with the difficulties of his unparalleled position in the Peninsula. “There is no more striking picture in our national records than that of Wellington as he bore with uncomplaining fortitude the immense burthen laid upon him in the Peninsular War. He was then, in truth, that sight for the gods—a great man struggling with adversity.” Moltke once remarked to one of his flatterers that he had no right to be compared to great commanders like Cæsar or Frederick, Napoleon or Wellington, for that he never in all his life had conducted a retreat—the most difficult of all the operations of war. But there was also another most essential element of difference between Moltke and Wellington, namely, that, while the fighting machinery of the former was always in an unsurpassable state of perfection, both from the military and the administrative point of view, the army with which the Duke began his operations in the Peninsula was loosely disciplined and badly officered, irregularly paid, half-starved, and heterogeneously composed of English, Spaniards, and Portuguese; that he himself was badly supported from home, where the military interests of the nation were the sport of political parties. We sometimes talk of the disastrous breakdown of our administrative machinery in the Crimea as one of the foulest blots in all our military annals; but the abuses with which Lord Raglan had to contend were nothing to the terrible trammels and *tracasseries* under which Wellington, with the patience of a hero and the long-suffering of a saint, conquered his dutiful and long-enduring way to fame, silencing the voice of faction at home and of calumny and misrepresentation in his own camp. History presents no parallel to the imperturbable patience and cheerful serenity with which Arthur Wellesley bore all his terrible crosses and won all his battles, from Vimiera to Vittoria. Irishmen proudly claim the Duke of Wellington as their countryman, but, beyond the virtue of personal courage, there was not a single Irish trait in all his character. Come of a good old English stock, Arthur Wellesley happened to be born in Ireland, but in character and temperament he was an English aristocrat in every fibre of his being. There was nothing whatever of the Celt in all his composition. He was cold, matter-of-fact, and unemotional to a degree, which enabled him to become the victor of the greatest conqueror of his time. But the model commander is not always—is, in fact, rarely, the ideal man.

Round the bright central figure of our Napoleonic wars Major Griffiths has skilfully grouped the chief of his subordinate paladins—leaders like Hill, Beresford, Graham, Picton, Craufurd, Clinton, Fletcher,



WELLINGTON'S MOTHER, LADY MORNINGTON.
From a Water-Colour in the Possession of the Present Duke.

Kempt, Dickson, and several others—names of which the very mention still acts upon the ear like the sound of a war-trumpet, stirring the blood with the martial music of heroic deeds and endurance of which the memory will never die.

C. L.

* “The Wellington Memorial: Wellington, His Comrades and Contemporaries.” By Major Arthur Griffiths. With Numerous Illustrations. London: George Allen,

THE BALLET ABROAD.

"THE MIKADO'S DAUGHTER," AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Leicester Square does not mark the limits of the ballet; St. Petersburg takes the art much more seriously. Ballets last three hours there, and are the rendezvous of the smartest, the most artistic, and the most aristocratic sets. Ballet, too, takes the place of pantomime for children, and a pleasanter sight than a theatre studded with little people in their Sunday



MDLLE. KCHESSINSKAIA.

PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE IMPERIAL THÉÂTRE MARIE, ST. PETERSBURG.

best cannot be imagined. The event of the season has been the production of "The Mikado's Daughter," a ballet by Vladimir Langammer, the general manager of the Imperial Théâtre Marie, one of three royal playhouses of the Russian capital. It has been drawing crowded houses and distinguished audiences—indeed, not since Tschaikowsky's "La Belle au Bois Dormant" has so successful a ballet been given. "The Mikado's Daughter" is just what a ballet ought to be—coherent, intelligible idealism based on strictly accurate realism. To write this excellent libretto, M. Langammer has evidently studied all the best authorities on Japan, and the result is a highly entertaining object-lesson on the habits, customs, and idiosyncrasies of Japan. The ballet is entrancingly danced—all Russian ballets are. The music, by Baron Wrangel, is original, well adapted to the subject, and full of tuneful, restful charm. The première danseuse is Mdle. Kchessinskaia, a Russian dancer educated in the Imperial schools, of which she possesses all the qualities—immense ease and facile grace. The Russians call it the French School of Dancing, to distinguish it from the Italian. Mdle. Kchessinskaia is as light as thistledown before the breeze, and soap-bubbles do not sustain themselves in space more airily than she does. Not exactly beautiful, she is something better in her elegant, interesting fragility, and she lends much finish to M. Langammer's clever and exquisitely worked-out idea. Not that for "The Mikado's Daughter" a première danseuse is indispensable. It is called a "fantastic" ballet, but it is much more a ballet of manners and character, and that is certainly the tendency of ballet for the moment. The promise of a School of "Mime" in Paris, following so closely on the disappearance of the School for Ballet in Milan, shows how things are drifting more or less consciously.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S "SHE" AT BUDAPEST.

Budapest is crowding its Royal Opera House to see a ballet founded on this weird story of Mr. Haggard, who is stated to have suggested the adaptation. The idea was eagerly taken up by M. Raoul Mader, the composer of the "Red Shoes" ballet, and M. Kéméndy, who is responsible for all scenic and decorative effects at the Opera; the latter had the assistance of M. Joseph Beer in the composition of the tableaux.

The ballet consists of twelve tableaux, the first being taken from the companion novel, "Cleopatra," in order to introduce Kallikrates and Amenartas. Kallikrates, in his capacity of priest, assists at the mystic rites of Isis, and, during the progress of the orgies, escapes with his secret lover, Amenartas, under the curse of Isis. Then we are introduced to the cave of the Fire of Life, guarded by an old hermit. Ayesha (She) wins her way to this secret spot by descending in the basket used for conveying food to the hermit. From this point on the story follows the narrative of the novel, until, in the second part, we are introduced to Leo and Holly in their "diggings": during the reading of the will, and the strange antics accompanying it, the whole story is told by a *tableau vivant*, representing the murder of Kallikrates by Ayesha, and Amenartas' plea for vengeance. Again the story is the familiar one, with, of course, necessary dramatic interludes, until we arrive at Kor, to find our travellers being fêted by the Korites; only here, for dramatic purposes, the authors of the ballet have diverged from the original, making Ustane die in the successful attempt to save Leo. I should have mentioned that She burns the mummy, not in Leo's presence, but at the sight of his face in her magic mirror. Leo, bewitched by She, is entertained by her to a magnificent spectacle of historic dances, and subsequently She leads the trio of wanderers to the Fire of Life. Job dies on the way, not from a fit, but by falling from the rocking cliff. Finally She bathes a second time in the fire, to reassure Leo, but disappears, for it destroys those who bathe in it a second time.

Then follows a grand apotheosis, in which the ancestors of Leo appear to bless him for the vengeance which he has unconsciously and, it must be owned, unwillingly wrought. The music of M. Mader is beyond all praise—it alone tells the story of the ballet; there is the "curse-motif," used with such splendid effect when Kallikrates meets his doom; the "She-motif," which follows the heroine in all her actions and betrays her presence if unseen; marches so stately and magnificent in their orchestration they might have been written by Wagner; light Schubertian dances; touches recollective of Mendelssohn, particularly in the dances of the sparks and mosquitoes in the third tableau; waltzes for their rhythm and melody worthy of the pen of Strauss.

Nor is the work of M. Kéméndy less praiseworthy. The costumes, the scenery, the groupings, and the scenic effects are superb: notably the already-mentioned spark-dance; the snake-dance by She in the second tableau; the whole effect of the sixth tableau—a scene in Southampton Docks, where are seen the familiar Salvation Army, nigger minstrels, &c., and where are heard, played by a military band, the strains of "Rule Britannia"; the "Fruit Ballet," in the seventh tableau, really a glimpse of fairyland, where a rapturous gavotte is danced; and the "Historical Ballet" arranged by She in Leo's honour. Figures and dances of all ages, with appropriate costumes, are introduced by She, illustrative of the different eras through which she has lived. x.

MISS HILDA GALTON IN "ALADDIN," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.
Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 16, 6.15; Thursday, 6.16; Friday, 6.18; Saturday, 6.20; Sunday, 6.22; Monday, 6.24; Tuesday, 6.26.

The exciting bicycle-polo matches which lately attracted such vast crowds of spectators to "England's Home of Mirth," to wit, the Royal Aquarium, have already borne good fruit by stimulating the game of bicycle-polo in many parts of England. Already no less than half-a-dozen bicycle-polo clubs are, to my own knowledge, in course of organisation, and no doubt we shall soon hear of many more being formed, especially in Ireland, the country in which bicycle-polo was played for the first time in Europe. But the polo that is to become popular in Great Britain is not the game played at the Aquarium and previously at the Crystal Palace. The game to be generally adopted in this country in the future is the game played with polo-sticks—I use the word "sticks" in lieu of "clubs," in order to avoid confusion. Very few amateurs, or, for that matter, professionals, would have the patience and the perseverance to learn to play the American game of bicycle-polo with an amount of skill sufficient to enable them to appear in public even "to advantage," to use the hackneyed phrase. Several machines especially built and adapted for polo may be seen on any day of the week in Holborn Viaduct, and I cannot help thinking that bicycle-polo will prove infinitely more attractive for players and spectators alike than the best tennis ever played. Whether or not ladies will try to take part in the new pastime remains to be seen. For the sake of everybody concerned, it will be better if they leave it alone. The young ladies of County Meath who endeavoured to play polo on ponies a few years ago only too suddenly proved their incapacity for indulging in the King of Games, as polo on ponies has rightly been called. Where, then, would they be on bicycles? "Off them," I think I hear some wag reply.

This month's magazines devote, among them all, a considerable amount of space to matters cycling, and to the subject of wheels in general; but the information conveyed is, for the most part, not very exhilarating. Lady Mabel Howard contributes a fairly interesting article to the *Badminton*, under the heading "Some Practical Notes on Cycling," in which she rightly advises all members of her sex to refrain from coasting, on the ground that for women the practice is a dangerous one. All that she says upon this subject is to the point and perfectly true; but how many women, I wonder, will attend to her excellent words of advice? Then Mr. George A. Best, in the *Strand*, describes at length "A Cruise on Wheels" which he made in England not long ago, the wheels in this instance being those of Ritter road-skates.

The delicately humorous editor of a well-known newspaper devoted to the interests of cycling, as well as to the interests of the riders of cycles, and more especially the advertisers of cycles, lately sent to me for review a neatly bound little work, entitled "Cyclic Poems." With the keen enthusiasm of a classic scholar, I eagerly ripped up the pages of

the book in the delightful expectation of finding at the least a series of hitherto unpublished epic poems concerning Arctinos, Strasinios, Leschēs, Agias, and possibly even Engamon. Conceive, therefore, my disappointment, not to say disgust, upon my discovering that the booklet contained merely a series of doggerel rhymes eulogising bicycles, bicyclists, and especially the bicycles of one particular maker. Ugh!

Chief Petty-Officer Duguid, captain of the Cycle Club of H.M.S. *Vernon*, is the champion cyclist in the Queen's Navy. He won the one- and five-mile championships open to the Navy in September 1897, and he also captained the first Naval Cycling Club formed in the Navy, that of H.M.S. *Mersey* at Harwich.

Certainly, if one depended upon royalty, cycling would never go out of fashion; no doubt, the royalties took it up in the beginning, and appear to get more than ever enthusiastic. No sooner do the royal children leave their cradles than a machine is purchased and they are taught to cycle. I hear that the Princess Eva, Princess Henry of Battenberg's little daughter, has just been initiated into the wheeling art, and that she is a most promising pupil.

The Empress of Germany is among the few royal ladies who do not patronise the wheel; but, then, as I mentioned in a former *Sketch*, cycling does not seem so popular in German society as in many other countries.

And not only is the bicycle popular among the royal families of Europe, but, no doubt, their example has done much to spread the fashion of riding in other countries. Recently, a royal personage in the Far East has been charmed by the flying wheel. His Imperial Majesty of Annam, Thanh Thai, has been paying a visit to Saigon, the capital of French Indo-China, and made his début as a cyclist in the gardens of the Government House. What his success was, unfortunately, the telegrams do not inform us, but it is to be hoped he found the experience pleasant and will be inclined to carry a bicycle home and introduce it among his Annamese subjects. If all the world were cyclists a great step would be taken towards universal brotherhood; and an International Cyclists' Touring Club would probably do more for the promotion of friendliness and goodwill than many Peace Societies.

Among cycling notabilities may be mentioned Miss Cleghorn, otherwise Princess Kainlani of Hawaii. Daughter of Likelike, and niece of Queen Liliuokalani, her father is a Scotchman, Mr. A. S. Cleghorn. The Princess, after spending about eight years in this country, has, on the completion of her education, returned to her native land, taking with her the cycle on which she has enjoyed many a pleasant spin. Though now a republic, the Hawaiians seem to have welcomed the Princess back among them, and, no doubt, they will make much of her. The wheel appears already to have made its way in the Sandwich Islands, judging by the numbers of advertisements of cycles, some of them of native manufacture, which I notice in a Honolulu newspaper before me; and the Princess will have found herself in no way peculiar in adopting the pastime in her far-away home.

A case tried at the Westminster County Court a little while ago is of considerable interest to cyclists. A gentleman sought to recover thirty pounds from St. Ermins Mansions Company for the loss of his bicycle entrusted to their charge. The company do not allow bicycles to be taken up to the rooms, and consequently the gentleman left his machine in charge of the porter. Next day the machine was stolen, but he failed to get compensation, as the judge ruled that there was no want of care shown by the company, and they were not responsible for the loss. Notice of appeal has been given; but, in the meanwhile, cyclists will probably not regard St. Ermins Mansions as a suitable domicile.

The bloomer costume is said to be doomed, and the reason is not far to seek. We all like to look our very best, and most people will agree that the bloomer-clad maiden looks her very worst.



CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER DUGUID,
NAVY CHAMPION.

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

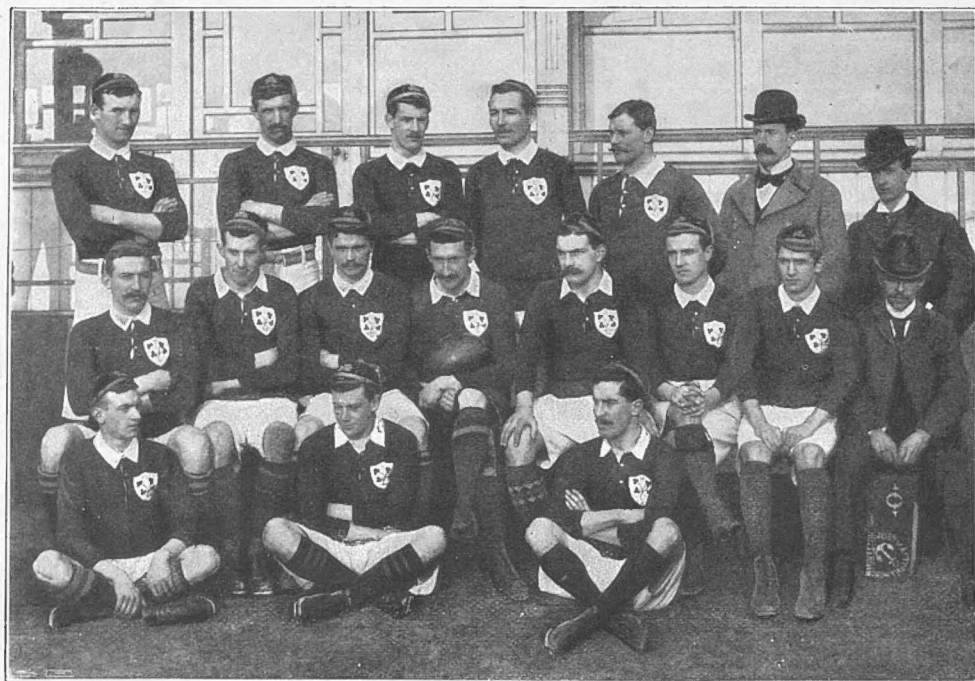


THE EMPEROR THANH THAI IN THE GARDENS OF THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

For the third year in succession, and for the fourth time in five years, Ireland has beaten England at Rugby. The score at Richmond on the 5th inst. was: Ireland, 1 penalty goal and 2 tries; England, 1 penalty goal and 1 try. If anything, England had rather more than their share



THE IRISH TEAM.
Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

of the play, owing to the fact that their forwards were the better in the "scrum," while their three-quarters were superior to the opposing quartette. But they were beaten at half-back, while in the loose the Irish forwards, who, besides being fast and clever, "stayed" remarkably well, had matters much their own way. Dudgeon, the Richmond forward, hurt his shoulder, and had to leave the field for a time. The Irish captain, Lee, broke his collar-bone and dislocated his shoulder in trying to stop a rush.

RACING NOTES.

It is surprising to me that Clerks of Courses should encourage National Hunt flat-races. Backers do not like them, neither do bookmakers, and results in many cases are entirely opposed to the making of the book. No doubt, when the late Mr. Abington was alive, and did not object to paying £500 for the privilege of riding a winner, these races benefited both the owner of the second horse and the fund materially. Now, however, even this excuse does not exist, and those officials who wish to study the interests of their real clients—that is, the public—should give National Hunt flat-races a wide berth. I know one or two celebrated vaticinators who positively decline to tip for these events.

The trainers at Newmarket may be able to prepare horses for racing under Jockey Club Rules, but they do not succeed with their jumpers, and it is really surprising to note the small number of winners sent out from the headquarters of the Turf since December last. It is strange, too, that men like Jewitt and R. Marsh, who used to be capable cross-country jockeys, never train any jumpers now. I begin to fancy that the two branches of sport must be kept apart, and it is not politic for the one man to train both classes of racers, as the conditions are so different.

I am very sorry that Mr. M. D. Rucker has tired of racing. He is a good all-round sportsman, and is passionately fond of horses. Although not able to go to scale under fourteen stone, he rides straight to hounds, and provides good sport with his pack for the dwellers down Leatherhead way. I remember Mr. Rucker when he was on the Stock Exchange, and, if I remember aright, he was, like myself, an original member of the Bicycle Union, now known as the National Cyclists' Union. Mr. Rucker acted

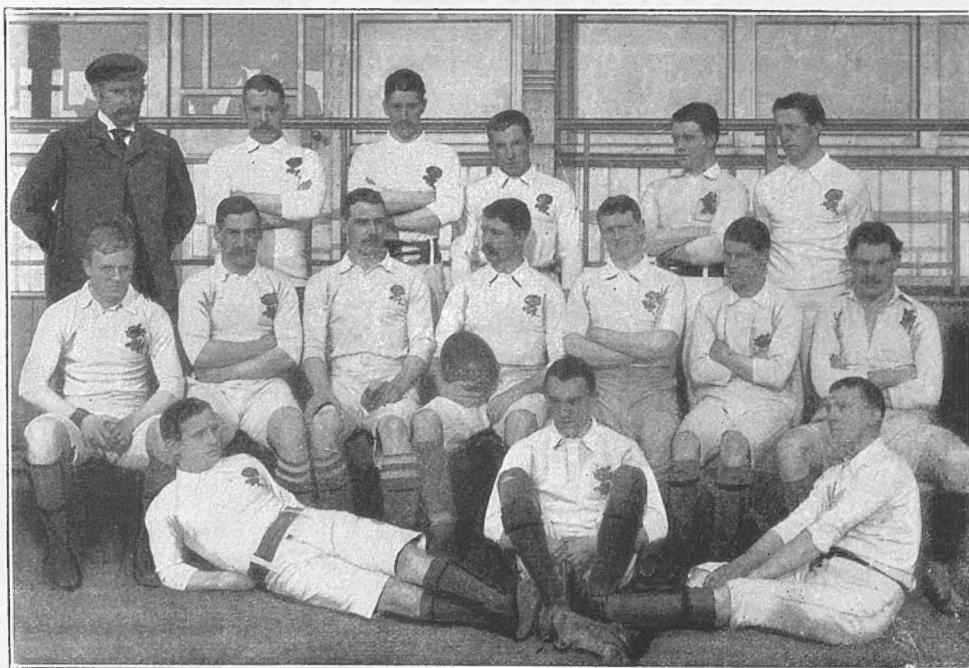
as official handicapper to the Union for many years. He is a splendid trick-rider as a cyclist, and can play the banjo well.

There is a slight slump in racecourse shares, but there is no fear about the high dividends being maintained. It is strange that so much capital was required to start the Sandown Park course when compared with Kempton and Manchester, and it is a matter for more than surprise that the stand in Tattersall's Ring at Esher should be only a wooden structure. At the same time, it should be noted that, although the Sandown shareholders get only seven per cent., the course earns quite as much profit as the Kempton course, but not so much as Manchester, which is the best-paying racecourse in England, barring, perhaps, Ascot and Goodwood, where the accounts are not published.

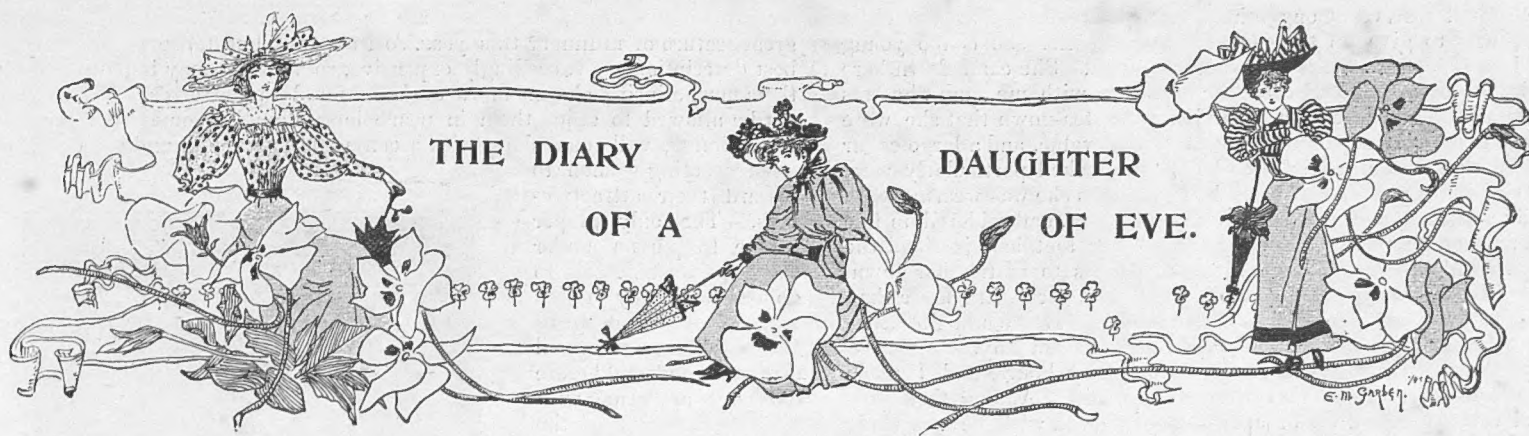
The market over the Spring Handicaps has been very shaky, and the quotations should be taken *cum grano salis* until it is known for certain that owners have commenced to back their horses. Up to now the chief business in the London clubs has been done by the agents of the Continental list, men who have supported animals that were backed by the public before the acceptances were published. I still fancy Robinson's stable will supply the winner of the Lincoln Handicap in either Pedant or Prince Barcaldine. The latter on the book appears to hold General Peace quite harmless, although the latter is said to have come on a lot.

Lady gamblers are on the increase, and the worst of it is they do not confine their attentions solely to racing, but vary the excitement by dabbling at cards and on the Stock Exchange. As I have written many times before, women gamblers are not a success. They think because they have backed a horse the animal must win, and when he has lost they cannot hide their disappointment. True, one or two women are to be seen backing horses in Tattersall's Ring daily who have speculated on the Turf for years; but, as a rule, the lady gamblers soon lose their spare cash, and end up by railing at racing. As a matter of fact, women are constitutionally unfitted for gambling of any sort, as they lack the coolness of the successful layer and soon lose their heads.

So many cross-country jockeys have met with serious accidents this season that I make no excuse for once more referring to my old suggestion for a jockey insurance club. The National Hunt Committee might easily arrange to insure all the jockeys against accident through one of the enterprising companies that now insure newspaper readers. When a cross-country jockey meets with an accident, it is generally a fractured limb, which means his being out of the saddle for some weeks, which is a serious matter to a family man. I am sure the jockeys themselves would combine and pay the premiums if the National Hunt Committee would arrange an all-round insurance. CAPTAIN COE.



THE ENGLISH TEAM.
Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

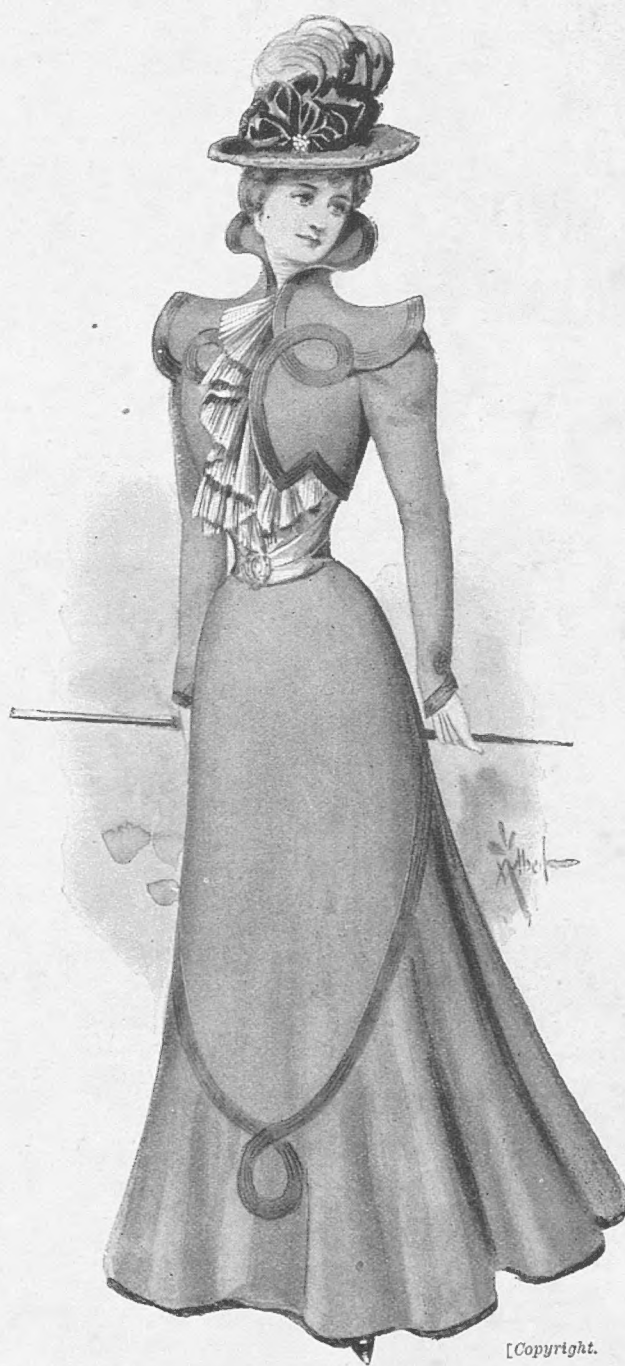


Monday.—I wish I did not know people who want to go to Drawing-Rooms in the winter! I cannot understand why Florrie cannot control her loyal and youthful ardour for another month instead of desiring to put in her appearance at Buckingham Palace in February. My mind is a blank with regard to Drawing-Room gowns. I can think

their charm. They are exceedingly pleasing when they are made of lace, and the proper length can be easily achieved by the addition of net at the top. However, Florrie does not possess a lace shawl, which might thus be permitted to do its duty, and I could not allow her to bear the burden upon her shoulders of any save real lace. My mother has been



A CHECK TWEED, BRAIDED.



[Copyright.]

A CLOTH DRESS WITH SCROLLS OF BRAID.

of nothing alluring excepting hyacinth-blue velvet lined with white, with a hyacinth crêpe-de-Chine under-dress embroidered in silver, with a shower of mauve violets from the bust to the hem at one side of this, and white feathers. It is an excellent idea, really, but Florrie has made up her mind to have a diaphanous train. Diaphanous trains sound very nice, but they never set decently. If they are embroidered, the weight of their embroidery makes them turn over; if they are lined, they lose

contemplating the possibility of mounting a black lace shawl over white lisse to do duty as a train. The suggestion really appeals to me very much; but this is not the moment for lace trains—they should wait until May; velvet or satin or brocade traced with designs in paillettes, or either left quite plain, should be worn in February.

Florrie thinks she is young enough to appear in white. She is exceedingly silly to wish to do so; dead-white in the daytime is a

trial we should reserve among others for our wedding-day. In order to induce her to give up the idea I must tell her she is too young for it. I dare not hint she is not young enough. She came down here last night on purpose to discuss the question with me, and she was arrayed in all the elegance of a pale-blue satin tea-gown that she wore with a lace over-dress of singular charm and no value, and a large collar of gathered blue chiffon, edged with lace. She looked particularly nice, and I envied her a pair of real black lace stockings she was wearing with woven silk stripes, and a pair of black satin shoes, embroidered in fine jet, although, of course, I recognised that, if her foot had justified the like, she would have worn her stockings and shoes to match her gown. These are liberties, however, that ladies with feet measuring more than size three should not perpetrate. The fondest lover could not trace Florrie's "little" footsteps in the sand—she has not any.

We discussed Drawing-Room dress for many hours, and I made several brilliant suggestions that were disregarded. Among them was an apricot velvet over a dress of apricot lisse, traced with flowers made of ribbon embroidery and silver, with a belt of very pale blue and borders of narrow sable, and a lining of ivory satin to the velvet train. I believe she will really think this over all night and come to me in the morning and propose it as if it were her own original idea. I shall smile upon it as if I had never heard of it before. Thus do I pray to earn the best friendship and the greatest consideration from my friends and relations. Amen.

Wednesday.—I cannot endure it any longer. For five weeks more or less—I think it is more—have I existed without a new hat. Such self-denial is not good for woman. It has been induced to some extent by the deplorable fact that the new hats are quite unworthy of consideration, those in the shops of London being just like the old hats,



A HOMESPUN DRESS TRIMMED WITH RIBBON VELVET.

crumpled-up toques with a bunch of feathers at one side. I want none of them. The little flat hats made of flowers wreathed with leaves are pretty, but I am absolutely certain that everyone in London will wear them, and how to discover something which everyone in London will not wear I know not; if I did, I think I would sell the secret to the first

woman I met who had the good sense to yearn for it. Birds are to be a great feature of millinery this year, so I am told, but those of the very best description are exceedingly expensive, so that we may hope to keep their most alluring charms more or less sacred to ourselves. We shall not be allowed to enjoy them in peace long, though—some interfering humanitarian will come along with a convincing pamphlet and shame all self-respecting women to discard their attractiveness. The only proper course to pursue under these circumstances is to go out and buy a hat made of birds' plumage of the most expensive and rare and wonderful before our hearts are wrung with a piteous account of the sufferings of the little beasts before they get there. I am a very tender-hearted person myself. Having once read an admirably written treatise on the heron and the osprey, I abandoned the wear absolutely, though I could not help feeling a pang of regret that that pamphlet had come my way, that I had not been allowed to remain in happy ignorance of the terrible wrong I was committing.

I have always been yearning for the authorities to explain to me whether the ostrich likes to have its feathers plucked out or cut off—whichever may be the exact process I am not quite sure. I have a vivid recollection of having the ostrich described to me, when I was in the schoolroom, by the ever-intelligent Julia as "a bird that buried its head in the sand so that the feather-merchants might go and pick out its tail." The feather-merchants must have been very busy this year; ostrich-feathers abound upon most of the hats, these curling low over the brim and falling on the hair at the back in the same manner as they have been wont to do over the boat-shaped hats of our early days. Ostrich-feathers also look well curling round the brim of those hats that turn up at the back, with rosettes resting on the hair. But this shape should only be worn by the tall women; it flattens and stunts the little ones, an observation I have made before.

Here is a portrait of a young lady as she appeared at a fancy-dress ball at the Santa Catalina Hotel, Las Palmas, Grand Canary. The dress was dyed all the various colours produced by the Maypole Soap Dyes, and was extremely effective.



A MAYPOLE DRESS.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

LILAC.—If you read some of my more or less sacred observations on Drawing-Room dresses this week you may get an idea or two. Have you not some old ball-gown that you could use and put a new train to? If you drape a white one, for instance, in lisse embroidered with flowers, and have a train of the pale-blue poplin lined with white, it would be quite inexpensive. Personally, I believe with a perfect faith in the Parisian Diamonds; their designs are so beautiful they really do, as the advertisements say, "defy detection," and it is quite impossible for any woman to keep herself supplied with jewellery according to the latest edicts of fashion, fashion having a habit lately of altering her jewellery as often as she alters her frocks. I like the spiked tiaras that you mention, not too aggressively like a crown, though; but, if you write to the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street, they will send you some illustrations of their newest designs of these. They also have those diamond cup-like settings for the front of feathers. Yes, I agree with you, one of these is indispensable. Write to me again if I can help you further.

PANSY.—I answered your letter a couple of days ago.

AMERICA.—Those lines of trimming usually extend from the waist to the knee at either side-seam, where they turn round and decorate the back. Most of the new flounces are narrow in the front and rather high at the back; there is very little fulness in them, and they are cut on the round for the most part. I should not advise you to undertake such a skirt yourself, it would be far too difficult; unless under very clever manipulation, it is bound to be a failure.

BOURRA.—The best material for your cycling-shirt is Viyella, and there are many new checks to be found this year, one, which I admire particularly, showing drab and white and pink. This would look very well with the homespun coat and skirt. By the way, I had a cycling-costume made of homespun a couple of years ago, and it is as good as new to-day. It wears admirably, and it does not show the dust at all. For summer wear I like the perfectly straight sailor-hat, with a black ribbon round it, but there are many people in favour of small toques for cycling, and I have no objection to these so long as you do not over-trim them. Your suggestion of a cloth toque is all right. Put a couple of the new curled quills at one side of the front. Light felt shapes with the indented crowns are becoming to some people. You can get a mackintosh-cape specially made for cycling. Two or three firms I know supply these. Cording's, 19, Piccadilly, I should consult on such a point. Capital gloves for cycling you can get from Penberthy's, 392, Oxford Street.

VALDA.—Go and see Mr. Hiley at Jay's, explain to him that you are willing to spend thirty pounds, and leave yourself in his hands. You cannot do better; he is brilliantly clever, and full of good ideas. If you will let me know when you are coming to town, I will tell him of your special desires, so that he sees you himself. He does not see everybody; he is such a busy person.

COUNTRY MOUSE.—I will answer your letter in next issue.

VIRGINIA.